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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 5, 1932
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1711 NOV. 5, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NOV. 11
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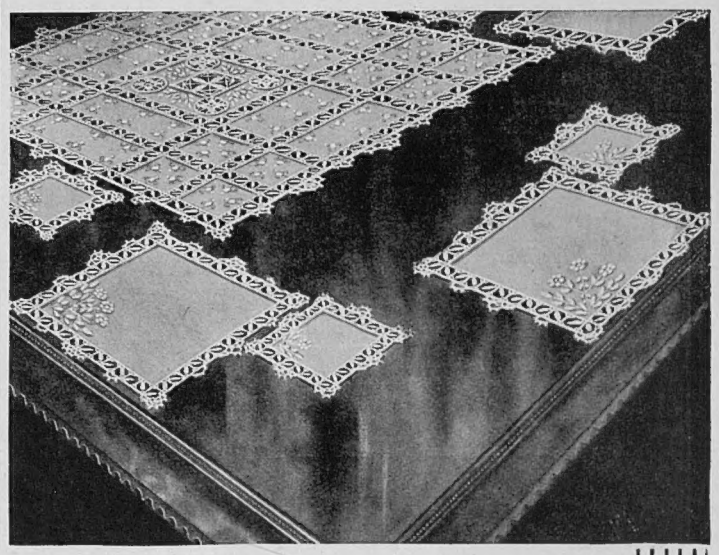
FROM THE LINEN HALL
A distinguished Dinner Set



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VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

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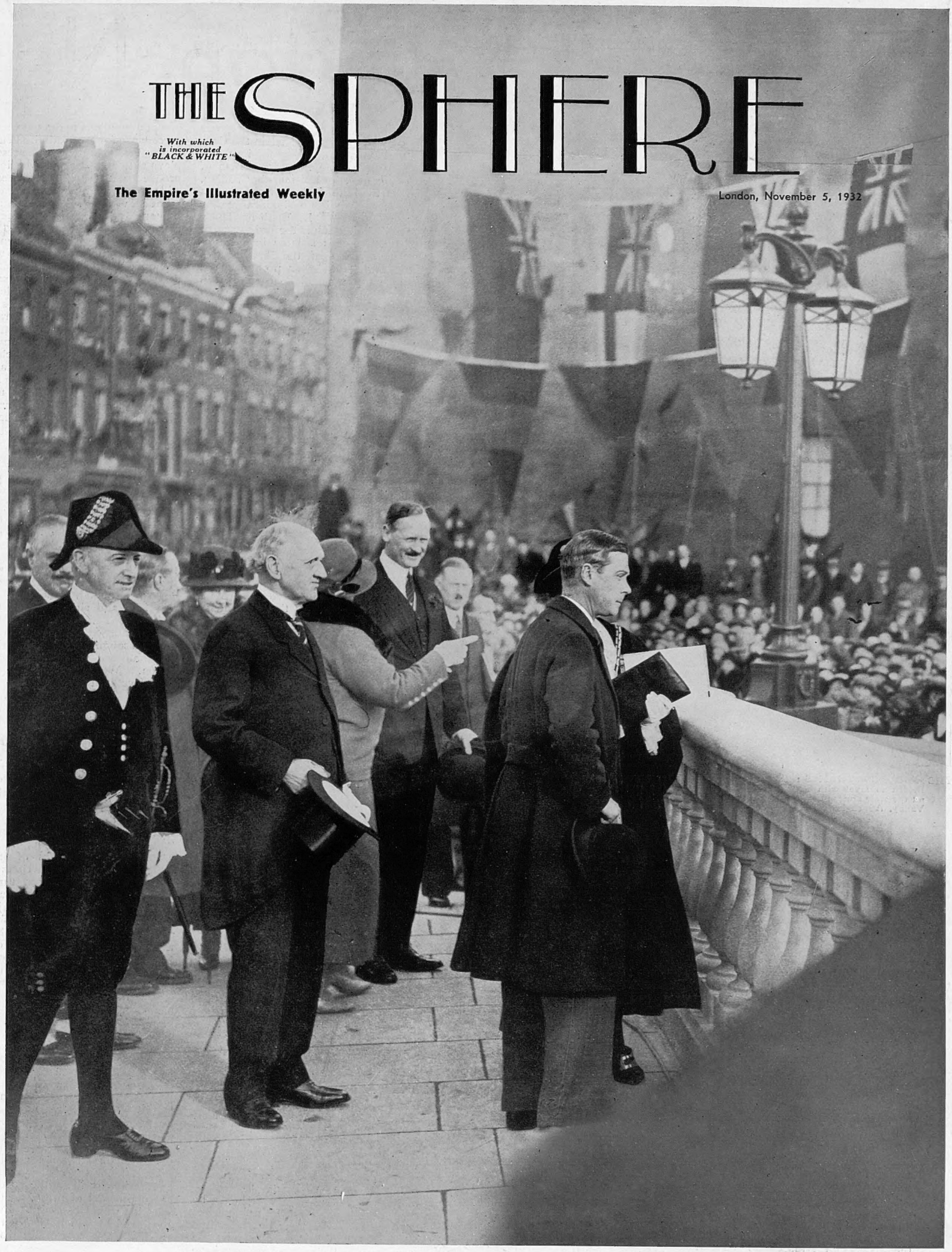
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 5, 1932



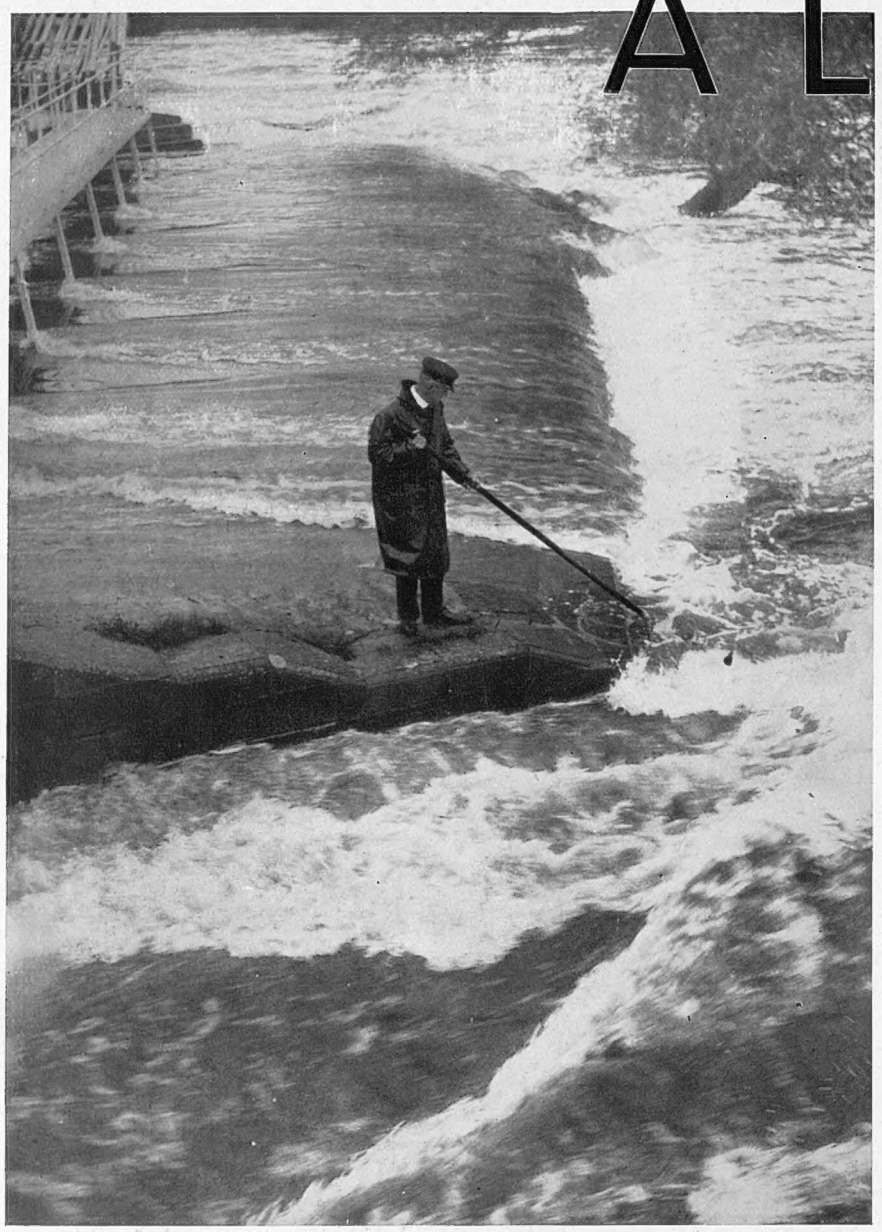
THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS WORCESTER

H.R.H. Looks Over at the Waters of the Severn After Opening the New Bridge

The Prince of Wales, when he visited the City of Worcester for the first time, flew there from Windsor Great Park and made history by being the first airman to land at Perdiswell Park, the site of the city's future Air Port. The occasion of the visit was the opening of the new £56,000 bridge over the Severn. The Prince took advantage of the occasion to sound an inspiring clarion of hope that the unemployment problem might soon be alleviated, while paying special attention to the fruit-canning industry springing up in the district. The Mayor of Worcester, Massachusetts, was presented to the Prince, and paid a high tribute to H.R.H.'s charm of manner and democratic personality

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



THE FLOODED THAMES: The swollen river is far higher than normal and below Walton Bridge is level with its banks. Other parts of the river are 6 ft. above summer level and all the weir sluices are down. Recent rain has caused considerable inundation in the Thames Valley. A lock-keeper is seen above searching for debris in the raging waters at Pangbourne Weir

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 2, 1932.

MISPLACED LEVITY.—It is possible only for the privileged few to listen to debates in the House of Commons, and to form their own impressions of the merits and sincerity of the speakers. The public sees these important events through the eyes of the Press, and latterly of the B.B.C., the eye-witnesses of the nation. The latter organization, following out its new policy of illustrating the news bulletin with word pictures, prepared us on the night of the Vote of Censure debate to anticipate almost universal approval and admiration of Mr. Lloyd George's speech: a political and oratorical "come-back" of inspired brilliance. It was said that he voiced the longings of the whole House. Yet in next morning's Press there was no sort of unanimous praise for his oratory. Indeed, the whole debate, wherever seriously reported, revealed a deplorable levity, a marked return to the standards of party dog-fighting, a lamentable exchange of personal recrimination and *tu quoque*, and astonishingly little in the way of new, constructive ideas. As I read them, the reports on this discussion of a matter of appalling gravity were calculated to fill with despair and rage the hearts of the nation. Let us be just to politicians. There is nothing new in the fashion of exchanging personalities in debate. It was the recreation of Burke, of Gladstone, of Disraeli, of all the giants of the House of Commons. It is an established tradition of House of Commons oratory, and we accept it as such. True, it may not always have been considered decent to be funny at such length about the Resurrection, but no doubt there are no permanent standards of what is and what is not suitable for ribaldry.

WHILE ROME BURNED.—The fact remains that, in a discussion on a problem, so grave as to contain in it the germinating seeds of revolution, a problem in respect of which almost every shade of political opinion is (and has since declared itself) definitely pledged to act in support of a Government labelled National, about half the spoken words were devoted to purely party and personal recrimination, witty no doubt, neat, pointed, even effective, but at the best of it, suited more to a school debate open to clever sixth form boys. As for the other half, the serious contribution, no one can be so foolish as to suppose that the principle of finding productive work for the unemployed, propounded by Opposition speakers, struck the Government all of a heap by its novelty. It is all very puzzling. In its administration of the laws of the land, and indeed in every department of Government, Ministers since the War have shown an unholy and even undignified terror of that Bogey, Democracy. But in its debates, the House and the leaders of the House reveal no such fears. They conserve the traditions of the aristocratic governments of the eighteenth century and find in the agony of the working classes an admirable field for the display of their own wit and repartee, and for an interchange of party thrusts and ripostes. And while they capered in the "lists," the Hunger Marchers, led by organized Communism, drew nearer and nearer to London and to inexorable disappointment.

LESSONS OF THE "HUNGER MARCH."—Last week's rioting in Hyde Park would not have been considered worthy of two lines of print in a German newspaper had it occurred, say, in Cologne. But, occurring as it did in London, it was not only wildly exaggerated in the Continental Press but, because of its rarity over here, was an impressive item of domestic news in our morning papers, and (as Sir John Gilmour's subsequent statement proved) its significance was not exaggerated. In English history you will find—such is the orderly spirit of our race—that isolated instances of the disturbance of the "railings of Hyde Park" are given prominence as significant portents of an ugly spirit in the nation. Because we *were* an orderly race, liberty of speech and action has been carried in this country to lengths which astonish not only the foreigner but all prudent Englishmen. It has been regarded as the surest safety valve against sedition. And doubtless it was so when England was led by Englishmen. But since the War the opinion of a large section of the nation has been inspired by trained foreign agitators whose sole object is to stir up civil disturbance and discontent and whose sown seed flourishes luxuriantly under this indiscriminate and short-sighted policy of non-interference. In this land the policy cannot longer apply alike to Englishmen and to foreign agitators. The perfect freedom of one or the other must be curtailed. If Bolshevik aliens are to be free to drop poison where they will, then the Englishman's birthright of freedom of speech and movement must be curtailed. Humanity alone might have moved the authorities to forbid this lamentable march on London, whose end in trouble and disillusionment every sane man foresaw clearly. And sober counsel and foresight must have urged how undesirable it would be to put on the London police (at a particularly unfortunate moment) the heavy responsibility and disagreeable duty entailed by the marchers' demonstrations. The winter is still to come. The times are too far out of joint to justify the retention of an impracticable ideal. The winter of our discontent must be weathered with resolution and sane counsels. For, firmly as the principle of liberty of speech and action is inherent in all legislation, it has never been suggested that the subject's liberty should have precedence of the public safety.

STRONGER GOVERNMENT.—There are, nevertheless, some faint indications that the present Government is beginning to realize that the time is over ripe for the return to a strong and resolute policy of revising and enforcing the laws of the land. Ever since the War the shadow of "Democracy" has lain over the country, striking terror in the hearts of successive Governments. What the great ideal of Democratic Government really means, civilization has as yet had no opportunity to discover. What we have seen of its working has been sometimes humiliating and damaging to the respect for authority that once was strongly felt in this country and made government a far less difficult task. What is constantly forgotten alike by those who threaten and growl, and those who bow before threats, is that the responsibility for the economic miseries of the world is—so far as they are due to human failure—shared equally by every class in the State from highest to lowest. Insofar as our own domestic crisis is due to bad governments, the most depressed classes of citizens have themselves to thank for putting those governments in a position to gamble with the country's future. The problem of unemployment in this country is piteous enough to break the hardest heart. It is enough to remember that the fathers of the coming generation will be largely composed of a race of young men who have never known the meaning of work nor tasted the pride and confidence that come only from self-support. But it is the end of all sanity in government if our tears are suffered to dilute justice. Every class in the State has suffered and been sacrificed, and it is idle and invidious to draw up a table of precedence for the victimized classes.

In the coming winter distress, unemployment, and despair will inevitably produce increasing lawlessness which will show itself in civil disturbance and crimes of violence. The law of the land is humane and just, but not alone for that reason must it be administered strictly. Crimes of violence must be stamped out by the full rigour of the law, to whatever economic mischance those crimes are due; so, too (to choose a single example), in assessing the needs of applicants for unemployment relief, the tests exhaustively agreed on must be strictly enforced. During the coming dark winter the threats of extremists and trades union hotheads must not check the progress of sane and just legislation and wise reconstruction by a National Government, assured of its majority, and possessing the nation's mandate to act with wisdom, justice, and courage.

THE SALTER REPORT.—The executive committee of the All-party Railway Group has been in session, and this week the Government is likely to be reminded of the existence of the Salter Report and to be asked the question: "Well, what about it?" It is an embarrassing question. The motor interests — although it was a unanimous report of representatives of all interests concerned — have treated it as a bit of fantastic theorising and simply refused to take it seriously. The railway interests are, of course, satisfied with the general trend of the recommendations. The railways of Britain are dear to the heart of the nation. We respect them, we trust them (even with our life savings), and we acknowledge our debt to them, and trust that they will work energetically and whole-heartedly to woo back the business they have lost.

GOOD ENGLISH.—At the Readers' Pension annual dinner the other day compliments flew about and some interesting facts emerged. None who has to do with writing can feel that the praise constantly showered on "readers" can be too high. They are not only the saviours of inaccurate writers, but ignorant writers as well. And when it is realized that 15,000 books or thereabouts are annually published nowadays, that the majority are the work of persons who should be pursuing the patient study of elementary English grammar (not to add of history and the more advanced principles of prose writing), the debt owed by writers to readers seems increasingly heavy. It is difficult to claim that good writing has increased its percentage with the huge increase in printed prose. The list of accepted masters of English prose alive to-day is no larger than in a selected decade of the Victorian Age. Commander Kenworthy places Moore, Shaw, and Winston Churchill at the head of the list, and even an acknowledged literary critic's first six choices would evoke a most stimulating and perhaps bitter debate. The claims of Max Beerbohm, of Galsworthy, and of Charles Morgan could not be lightly rejected; nor those of Virginia Woolf or Logan Pearsall Smith. If there were but one model of prose, no doubt the selection would be easier. But there is all the field which lies between the styles of Cicero and of Tacitus.

BRIDGE.—The soberest organs of the British Press are treating the alteration and codification of the laws of Bridge with all the solemnity with which they might be expected to record a revision of the League's covenant. Such grave matters as the precedence of the ace, the psychic bid, the out-of-turn bid, the exposure of a card, are accorded the most careful examination on the principal pages. In a way, this is a sign of the times—just as sweepstakes and sweepstake publicity are signs of the times. When

sletter

times are good and business brisk, business is business and the great game, while games are recreations and of minor importance. But to-day recreational games have assumed the importance of business and occupy the serious attention of brains well fitted to fly at higher game. I don't underrate the greatness of this changeling child of Whist which in the heyday of politics and the age of giants occupied the leisure of such men as Talleyrand. And I don't deny that in this country there are thousands of valued readers of sober journals who in town and country have half the working hours of the day to spare to Bridge—that army of rich and idle women, retired service men, business men and civil servants, town, country, and suburban dwellers of material and doubtless intellectual competence, for whom Bridge is the lamp which lightens life. The fact remains that this translation of *Pons Asinorum* by Bridge of Size is a sign of very thin times.

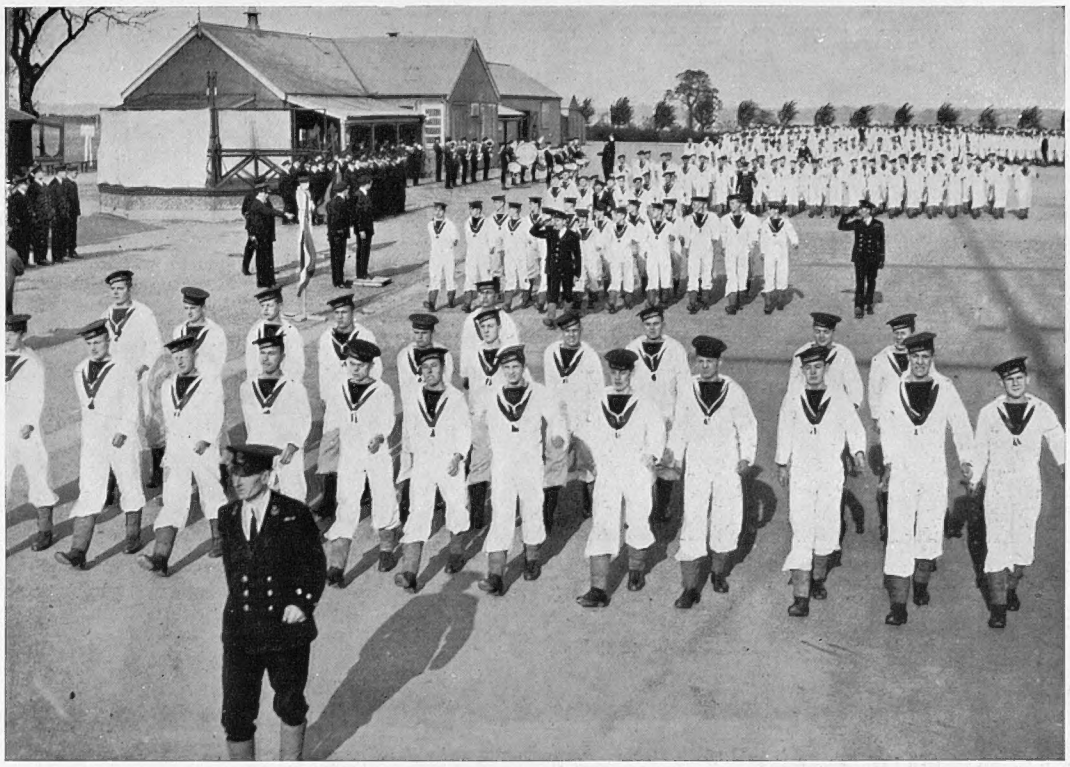
PLAS NEWYDD.—It is a pleasure to learn that the town of Llangollen has bought from Lord Tankerville the old home of the "Ladies of Llangollen," that "cottage under the hill" which during the fifty years of unbroken occupation by Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby made Llangollen famous. On the quaint embellishment of this cottage the ladies lavished immense pains, and it is a fit act of piety that the town should at last have put its fate beyond doubt. And a shrewd act also. For this queer museum still attracts thousands of tourists each year to Llangollen. In old days, before the railways came, there was no need to attract custom to the village. It was a fixed stage on the road to and from Ireland, and the "lonely pioneers of women's enfranchisement" (as we know from the published extracts of their diaries) had two main occupations in life: first, to escape from the hosts of passing travellers who sought them out from curiosity; second, to make elaborate arrangements for the everlasting cleaning of their sitting-room chimney. Most legends stand on false foundations, and the legend of "the ladies" is not exempt from the rule. In general, the falser the foundation, the longer and stronger the legend endures. And Llangollen at least has no motive in showing-up the legend which invests these perfectly normal Irish ladies with wild eccentricity, revolutionary ideas, disregard of convention, and even political chicanery.

AN UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM.—It was sometimes urged against King Manoel that, in resolutely declining to take any steps, overt or covert, to meddle in the politics of his country and otherwise to regain his throne, he showed a lack of proper spirit. But the condition of Europe to-day does not bear out this view. While there is universal sympathy for the plight of princes who, receiving a specialized education to enable them to perform the functions of Royalty, find themselves in the wilderness without the equipment necessary to start life afresh, there is yet wide disapproval of the increasing interference in politics by out-of-work or outlawed princes, an interference which is as undignified as it is undesirable. King Alfonso has chosen the wiser course. He keeps his opinions to himself and intriguers at arms length. If he holds the view, as perhaps he does, that Spain may within a decade or so call back to the throne of Spain his royal house, he holds as strongly the opinion that the initiative does not rest with him. It is otherwise in several other European countries. Exploiting and exploited, the princes of once ruling houses are interfering more and more in the troubled political arenas of their countries, and the spectacle recalls the comic and not always effective relief in the old-time circus afforded by the obstructing clown.

THE OLD STAGER.

NOV. 11, 1918—NOV. 11, 1932

The Editor of "The Sphere" begs to announce that a very limited number of the special portfolio of War pictures, entitled *With the British Army on the Western Front*, by Fortunino Matania, are still available. The original price was 4 guineas; these remaining copies are offered to our readers at 2 guineas. The plates are twelve in number and measure 21½ in. by 15½ in. They form a unique record of the War; no artist's pictures, it may safely be said, approached Mr. Matania's in veracity and power. They come to one at this date with an astonishing freshness



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, takes the salute at the march past of the Boys' Training Establishment at Shotley which he visited a few days ago. The smartness of the units was highly commendable

THE SNOW FOR HIS PALL: Colonel John MacGregor, Bard of his Clan, was buried at the old Parish Church of Balquhidder with full clan honours. Sir Malcolm MacGregor bore the casket

TROOPING THE FRENCH DRUMS in commemoration of the victory of Arroyo dos Molinos in 1811. General Sir Charles Harington, G.O.C. Aldershot Command, is seen above

BAD GRAMMAR BUT GOOD BUSINESS: Sterling Treasury Notes were greeted with frantic applause as they fell on to a square of carpet at the Infants' Hospital Ball held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—the climax of a successfully organized charity affair

THE EXAMPLE OF ROYALTY: In conformity with his innovation of last year, the Duke of Connaught, seen above with his equerry, Major Barclay Levett, is forgoing his winter on the Continent for one at Sidmouth

A VARIED WEEK AT HOME

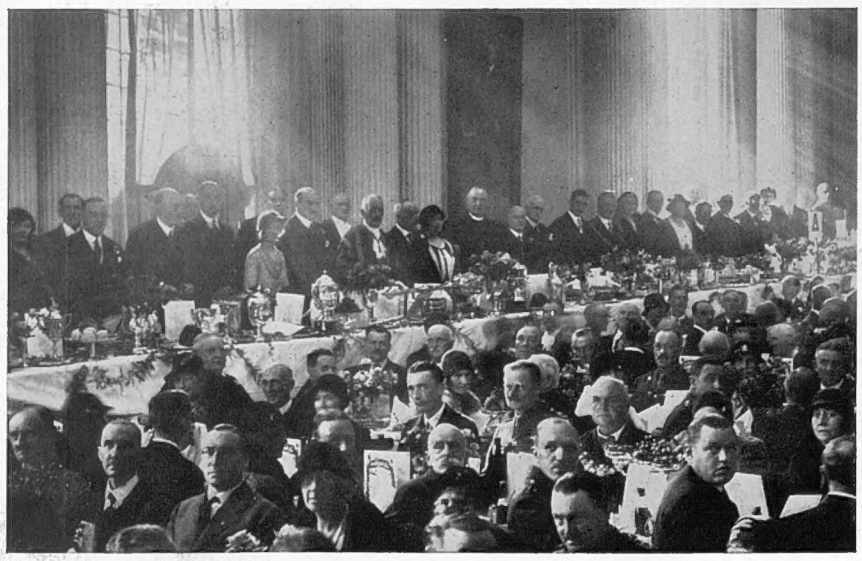
MOUNTED POLICE proved invaluable, as instruments both of control and attack, during the demonstration in Hyde Park when the Hunger Marchers came to town. A Press photographer is seen above in a perilous position

MR. JACOB EPSTEIN, with a model students of his work will recognize, was among the spectators when the Hunger Marchers demonstrated in Hyde Park. Mr. Epstein is very interested in social matters of to-day

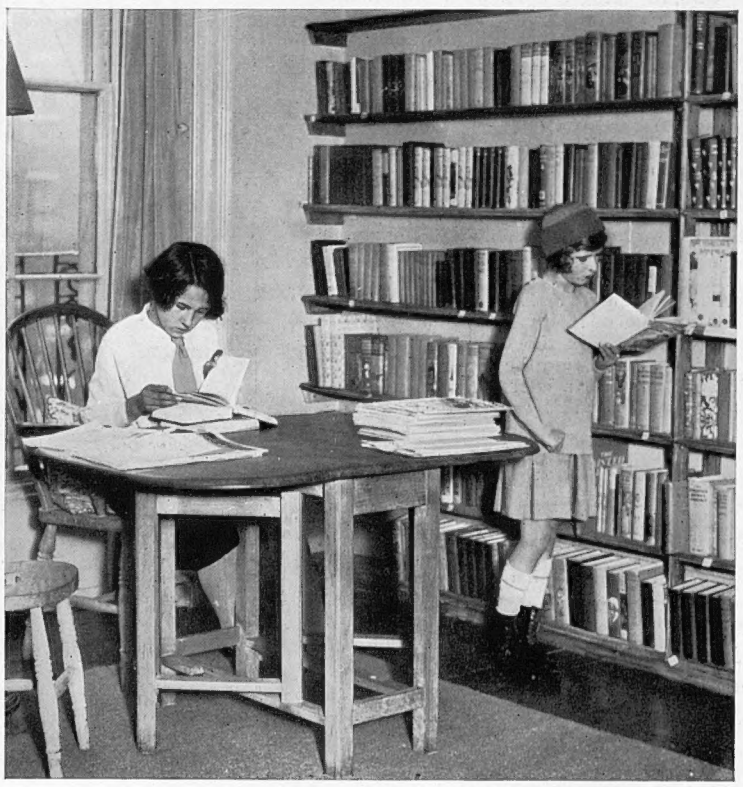
THE CORDON OF FOOT POLICE drawn across the entrance to Whitehall to prevent the unemployed demonstrators in Trafalgar Square from surging down to the great Government offices. The foot police have also done magnificent work

A BATCH TO BAT'A: The first draft of boys to go to Zlin, Czechoslovakia, to be trained in mass-production of shoes for three years before returning to take up work in the late Tomas Bat'a's English depôt

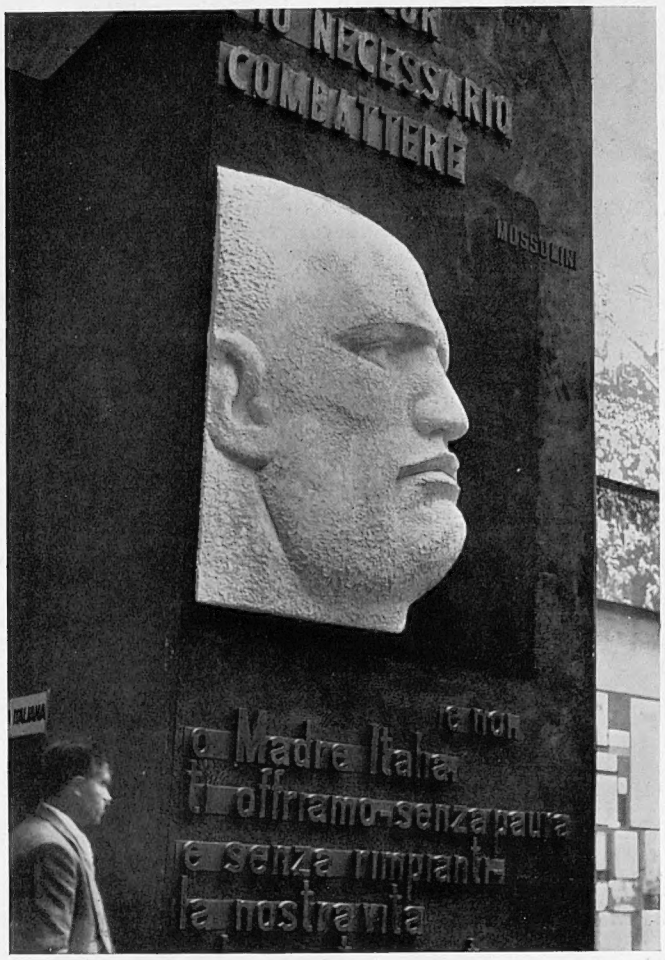
EN ROUTE TO DEPTFORD: The feminine element among the Kent contingent of Hunger Marchers leaving Erith through which they passed *en route* to join the great demonstration in London



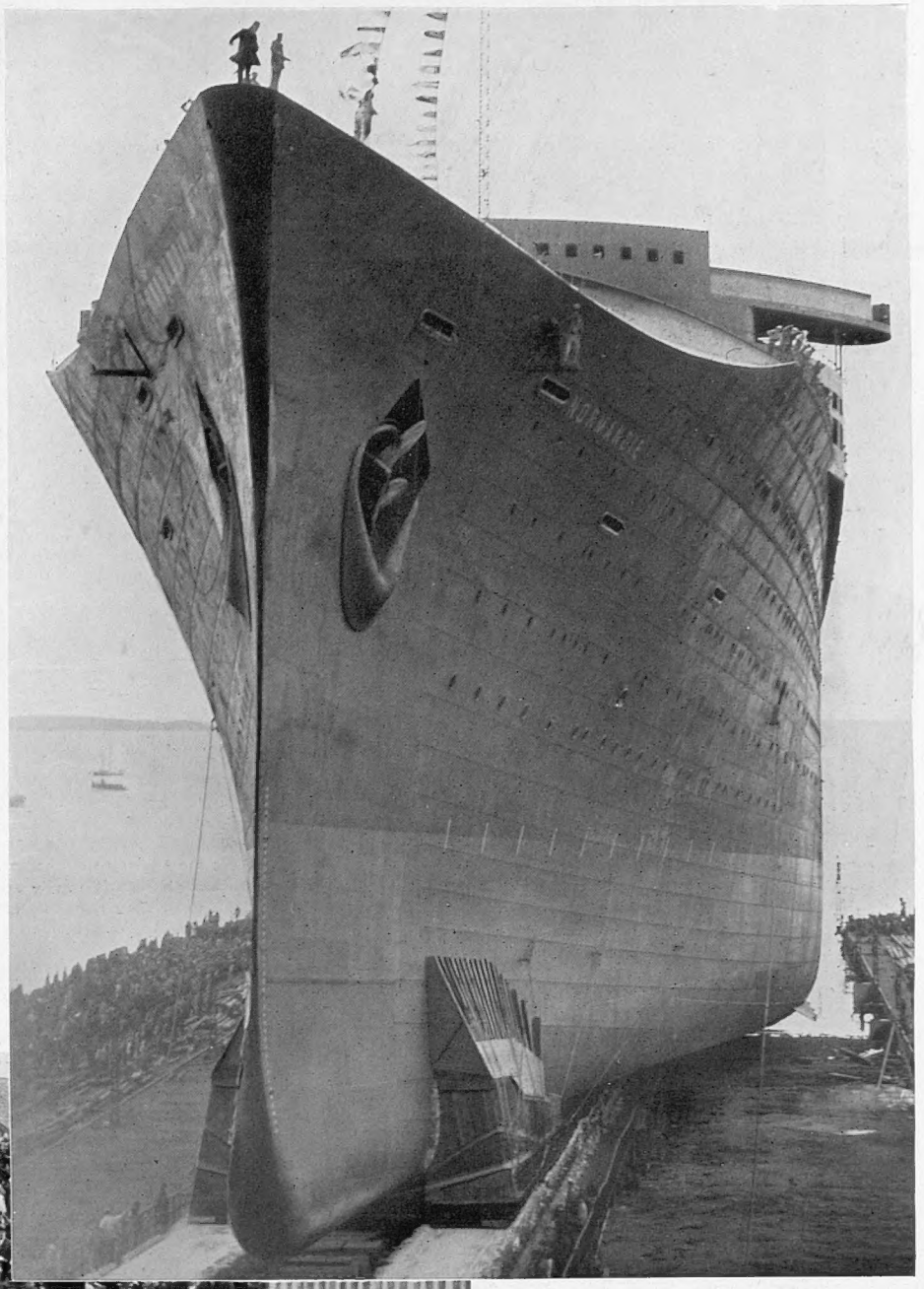
AN "R" IN THE MONTH: Prince Arthur of Connaught was the chief guest of the Mayor of Colchester at that town's annual oyster feast a day or two ago. A general view of which festivity, held in the Town Hall, appears above



THE CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB in Connaught Street, which was opened last year, has proved so successful that it has just been extended. It caters for children between the ages of six and sixteen



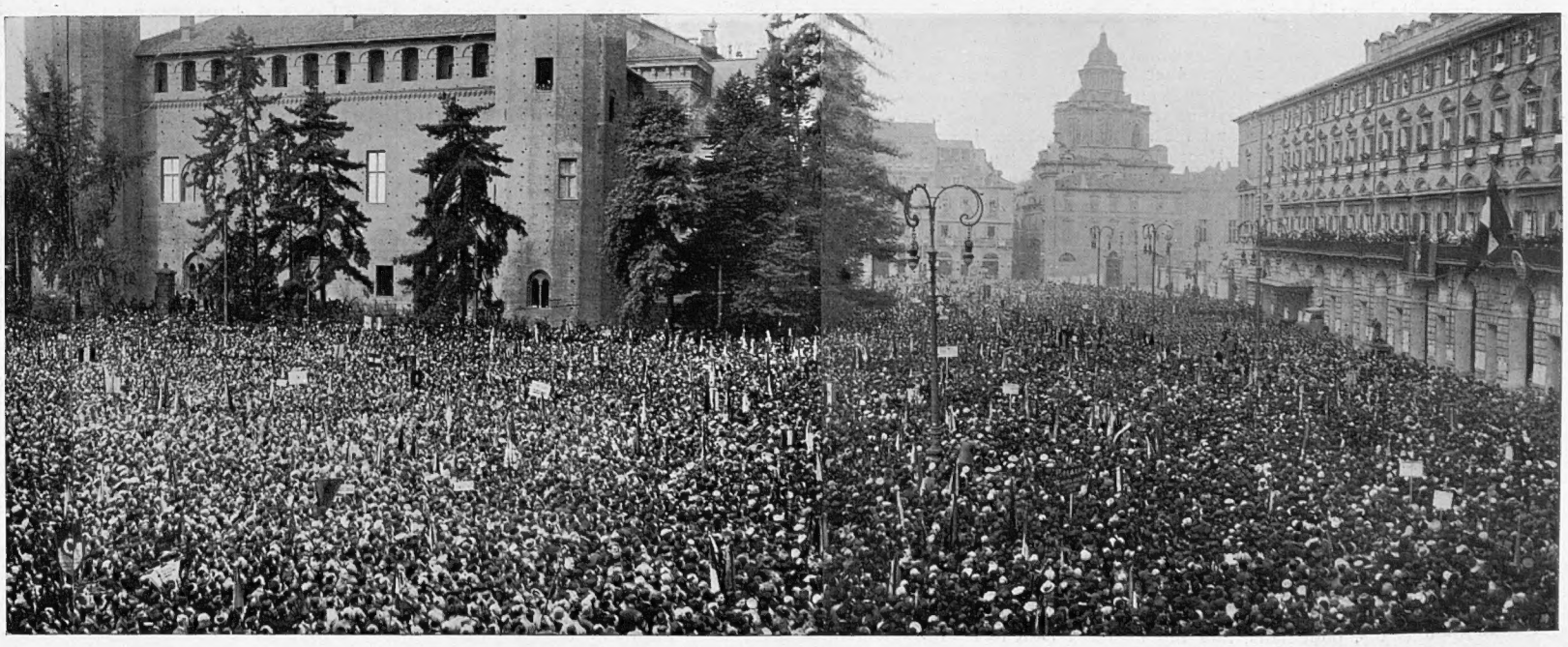
IL DUCE: The head of Mussolini placed on the new and modernistic building constructed in Rome housing the Fascist Revolution Exhibition—created for the Tenth Anniversary of Fascismo's power



THE LARGEST LINER IN THE WORLD: The turbo-electric vessel, *Normandie*, christened by Mme Lebrun, launched at St. Nazaire. She is 1,027 ft. long, 119 ft. 6 in. in the beam, and 128 ft. high. She is to carry 3,490 persons normally

AFTERMATH OF THE LAUNCH: The 75,000 tons of the turbo-electric vessel, *Normandie*, France's bid for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, created a miniature tidal wave at her launch which precipitated over one hundred spectators into the sea. No immediate casualties were recorded, but one man died of shock

NEWS FROM EUROPE



FASCISMO TRIUMPHANT: The stupendous gathering in Turin held in connection with the Tenth Anniversary celebrations of the March on Rome. The town of Turin has previously been comparatively apathetic to the Fascist fervour of patriotism. The gigantic concourse, harangued by Signor Mussolini from the balcony of the Prefect's Palace (*right*), however, paid eloquent tribute to the dominance Il Duce exerts on the whole country. His peroration ran as the watchword: "March, build, and, if necessary, fight and win," a sentiment greeted with wild acclamation

THE COMING PRESIDENT? Governor Franklin D. and his son, James Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate, and his most fervent supporter. Other members of the Rough Rider's family are not so enthusiastic that one of their name should desert the G.O.P.

HOOVER

The giant American Commonwealth, 120,000,000 people marooned in their chosen political and economic system on the world's richest stretch of territory, goes rolling and pitching into the third winter of the great depression like a ship with damaged engines and a defective compass. On the bridge, barely keeping his feet, stands Herbert Hoover, appealing to the passengers and crew to vote him the captain's cap for another four years' term of command. He bases his appeal on the indisputable fact that the ship is anyway still afloat, and that he alone has saved her from going down with all hands, and he lets the passengers into the secret of some of the narrow shaves, thereby alarming them still more.

At the foot of the bridge, surrounded by John Jacob Raskob, head of General Motors (backed by Morgan's), Owen D. Young, director of half-a-dozen of the biggest corporations in America, and other influential henchmen, stands the opposition's choice for the captaincy, Franklin D. Roosevelt. As a former Minister in Wilson's Cabinet, and now Governor of the great east coast State of New York, he has qualified for his captain's ticket; and he has quieted some doubts as to his courage by tackling with resolution that bold and resourceful buccaneer, Mayor Jimmy Walker, and forcing him out of his place of power. He is also for the rum ration again; and the ship's company, having had to get their drink on the sly for the last thirteen years, applaud that mightily. Besides, it means £100,000,000 in legitimate tax revenue and cuts the gangster loose from his financial sources of power. But chiefly he asks that Hoover be ejected and himself put in his place, because Hoover was put up there to bring the national ship over smooth waters to the millennium—and look at the plight they are in now.

On Tuesday the vote will be cast in the Electoral College which will decide whether Hoover is to stay for a second term, or whether Franklin Roosevelt is to be given a first-term try-out for his new men and his alternative schemes and ideas. The odds as I write are about 2 to 1 on Roosevelt (they may have shortened even in the brief space which elapses between the writing of this and its appearance in print). It is not so much that Roosevelt inspires great confidence or has vast achievements behind him, but he is the only alternative to Hoover. If he wins, he will owe his victory less to the pro-Roosevelt than to the anti-Hoover vote.

Meantime the American ship goes rolling and pitching through the world storm; and whether a new captain can correct the errors of the old one, and bring the crowd aboard her to the shores of prosperity again, is entirely a matter of conjecture.

. . . .

Before glancing more closely at these two men, and the rival groups and policies they represent, it is worth taking a bird's-eye view of the present state of this people, which only three years ago still cherished the illusion that it had reached a permanent plateau of prosperity and would shortly inherit the wealth of the whole world.

The glittering economic structure reared by the Republicans, politicians, and big business men has collapsed like a card house in a gale. Uncle Sam has fallen to earth again with a bang—"returned to fundamentals," is Mr. Mellon's way of describing the descent. There are 11,000,000 of unemployed in a land where it was thought that unemployment was a phenomenon peculiar only to effete and inefficient Old World countries. As many more again are working part time, earning barely enough to exist. The Budget shows the world's biggest deficit; the revenues fail to meet appropriations, not by millions, but by billions of dollars. States and municipalities are finding it increasingly difficult to make ends meet.

The private credit system has partially broken down, necessitating the entry of the Government into banking with its Finance Reconstruction Corporation. Bank failures have been going on at the rate of 2,000 a year. Export trade has fallen by more than half (from June, 1929, to June, 1933, the amount of exports fell 67·8 per cent.), and the shrinking in values internally is so terrific that the whole solvency of private enterprise has been impaired. The huge machines of production now turn idly—the gigantic steel machine at a mere 16 per cent. of capacity. Big business, once the revered, is now the butt of the jester everywhere.

In New York City a small army of unemployed have established themselves in shanties in Central Park and named their settlement "Hooverville." Most of the big cities have encampments of the destitute established on their fringes. Without an unemployment insurance system to act as a buffer between work and wages, and unemployment and want, the plight of the jobless is desperate; and as winter comes on, and if there is no business improvement, hunger and cold may apply the spark to some dangerous explosives. Bayonets and gas bombs have already been used to scatter unarmed war veterans, encamped on the outskirts of Washington, to press their case for the immediate payment of the balance due on the bonus voted them by a grateful country's political representatives (who were, perhaps, a trifle too free with the nation's purse).

To such a dead end have all the glowing promises of the Republican magnates around Mr. Hoover led the American people!

It is not the fault of that self-made mining engineer, destined for so singular a rôle. There are many things he would have done if he could. But his talents do not lie in the direction of politics and suasion and the manipulation of men. For thirty years he was ranging the world, dealing with and in ores, metals, mines, hired labourers, and help. He took no interest in politics until his return to his native States. He did great organizing jobs as Food Controller and Minister of Commerce. But in his tentative political beginnings he was uncertain which party contained his spiritual home, Democratic or Republican.

He was unlucky. The Coolidge administration promoted the era of inflation and unparalleled speculation, blew the economic structure out like a bubble. Coolidge and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon predicted prosperity and increasing prosperity—their optimistic utterances have been dug out and used with damaging effect in the present campaign. The profits of industry must expand and expand. The up-swing of prices on the Stock Exchanges would go on—by announcing that the staggering amount of brokers' loans represented not a dangerous overweight, but "a natural expansion of business in the securities market," President Coolidge staved off a market decline and sent stock prices soaring again. They were moving fast towards the era when every man would have two cars in his garage—another Coolidgism.

But when the second term of that lean and astute New England lawyer-politician (swung fortuitously from the blind-alley of the Vice-Presidency into the supreme post of power by the abrupt and mysterious death of Harding, on the eve of the exposure of the astounding corruptions of his régime) came to an end, there were already ominous crackings and rumblings. The farmers were bankrupt; the textile and coal industries nearly so. Unemployment was increasing beyond the figure explainable by technological causes. Coolidge cannily got out while the going was good.

Hoover, less shrewd, allowed himself to aspire to the Presidency, and his dream of thus crowning his life of strenuous achievement came true. One wonders whether he would have been so eager had he been granted a vision of the tornado he was headed into. For eight months after he walked into the White House prosperity walked out and refused to be charmed back. In October, 1929, the great stock-market bubble burst. The world economic blizzard, which had been generated as much by the nationalistic policies of the Republican Party of the United States as by any other single cause, had at last hit America. There is evidence that neither Hoover nor his advisers realized what was happening. If they had, the President would not have announced that the depression was scraping bottom, and given a near date for the upswing, at a time when in fact America was not half-way down the fall in prices and in trade.

VICE-PRESIDENT? Speaker John L. Garner, Democratic nominee for the second office in the U.S.A.

OF THE HOUSE OF THEODORE:

To-day Mr. Hoover tells the American nation that all would have gone well but for foreign countries. The foreigner is to blame for the American depression. The abandonment of the gold standard by so many nations, Britain and Japan in particular, threatens American industry through a flood of cheap foreign goods. There must be a raising of tariff barriers to protect American industry. Big business must be given facilities through a Government finance corporation, for obtaining credit on easy terms in order to increase production and absorb the jobless. Thus is the Hoover programme written for him by the interests and personalities of the party whose chosen champion he is.

But it looks as if the nation's faith both in big business and in high tariffs had been badly shaken. It is perfectly true that Hoover has saved the country from enormous perils, but it is a question whether the majority of the 38,000,000 Americans who have a vote to cast in this election will be much influenced by that. What most of them are asking themselves is whether there must not be something basically wrong with the policies and practice which exposed the nation to these dangers in the first place. That, at least, is what the shrewd and watchful Franklin Roosevelt anticipates.

He is a real politician. As a personality his fellow-Democrat, Mr. "Al" Smith, makes rings round this bland, ever-smiling man, who has managed his political career with such skill and patience, and trimmed his sails to so many varying winds in order to be in a good strategic position for this great effort of his life. But "Al" Smith is a pungent man of the people. He is a card, a character. He is also

OR ROOSEVELT?

A Dispassionate Survey of the Two Divergent and Convergent Trends in American Politics whose Conflict comes to Crisis Next Week

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

a Catholic. The respectable middle classes are shocked at the idea of an "Al" Smith, with Mrs. Smith, in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is quite *persona grata* among the respectable middle classes, besides, with his famous plea for "the forgotten man," "getting across" with the plain people.

His connection with the great Theodore is remote. He is a third cousin; his wife was the late President's favourite niece. Nevertheless, the name of Roosevelt is still one to conjure with, and Franklin plays it up for all it is worth. He invited Theodore's son to dine. The son, horrified, promptly made a radio address repudiating any desire to have anything to do with the Democratic Roosevelt, while Theodore's widow volunteered for anti-Franklin Roosevelt speeches; and his daughter, Mrs. Longworth, threw herself into the fight for Hoover with enthusiasm. Still, millions have not heard of this rebuff, and remain under the impression that Franklin Roosevelt is the hereditary claimant to any loyalty that may be due to the memory of the heroic Rough Rider.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt with his daughter, Mrs. Curtis Dall

He is adroit, supple, persuasive—and evasive. And evasion is a very useful quality for a Presidential candidate to possess. He has fewer pledges to pull out with his teeth if and when he becomes President. And he has able men around him. The group surrounding him is as important on the economic and financial side as the group surrounding Hoover, but less conservative. That is characteristic of American big business. It contrives to straddle both of the great political parties, thus saving the system from too great a shock when political control swings from one to the other. Democrats already infest the relief and reconstruction machinery established by the Republican administration. They have a 50–50 say on the Federal Reserve Board and the board of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The U.S. representative in Europe for disarmament and the preliminaries of the world economic conference is Mr. Norman Davies, a Democrat who will probably assume charge of foreign affairs if Franklin Roosevelt is elected.

Neither Roosevelt nor the men at the back of him can work miracles. But if they secure the key places of power they should be able to ease America back into the world tide. The world's troubles are chiefly due to the fact that the Republicans capitalized the mass disillusion of 1920 to break Wilson and take America out of the main world current.

They repudiated the pledges Wilson had given in Paris. They left the Wilsonian League flat and France without her promised guarantees. They disclaimed any interest in the organization of a stable International world. They failed entirely to grasp the revolutionary changes which had been wrought by the War, and by the acceleration of scientific discovery and its application to industrial processes, and they tried to eat their cake and have it too by expanding their exports of manufactured goods, closing their own markets to foreign goods, encouraging foreign customers to buy American goods and to borrow money in the United States, and making it difficult if not impossible for those customers and debtors either to pay for the goods or to honour the debts.

It was easy in the state of the world after the War to draw half the yellow metal in the world into the American treasury by these short-sighted policies. It was impossible to prevent the inflation and speculation, the over-expansion and crazy illusions of perpetual prosperity, which ensued thereon.

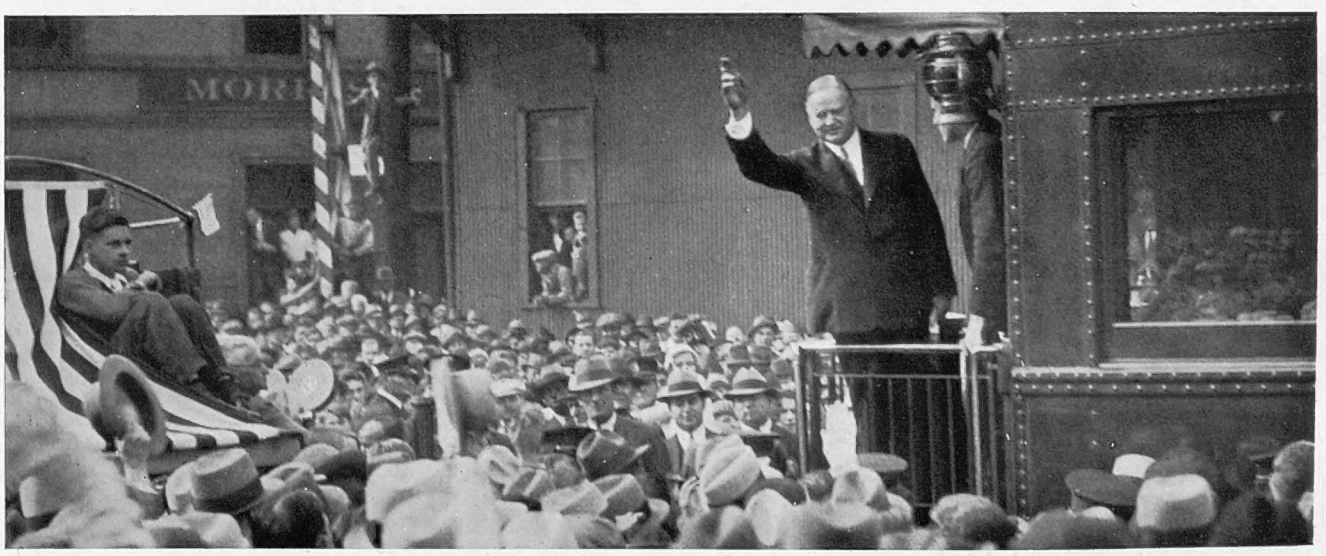
Now that disillusion has come, and the Americans have learned from Hoover himself that, despite their vast piles of gold, their currency was in peril of being forced off gold last Spring (when the French withdrew £200,000,000 in gold in a fortnight and simultaneously sold the dollar short to cover) readjustment is easier, because it has not to battle against the opposition of popular mass illusion. We have seen something of the same sort at work in the great fiscal revolution in this island. When a British people become aware that Britain's changed position in the world has made free trade obsolete, they turn to men who are not irrevocably committed to the doctrine and practice of the out-worn policies. Similarly in America, the Republicans around the massive figure of Hoover may perceive faintly the need for change; but the vigour, the zeal for opposite policies, are not likely to reside in the inaugurators of a policy which has proved disastrous.

SUPPORTERS OF HOOVER: Secretary of State Stimson delivers an address for the G.O.P. (Republican) leader. He is supported by Judge J. W. Davies and Mr. Oscar Erbon, President of the National Republican Club

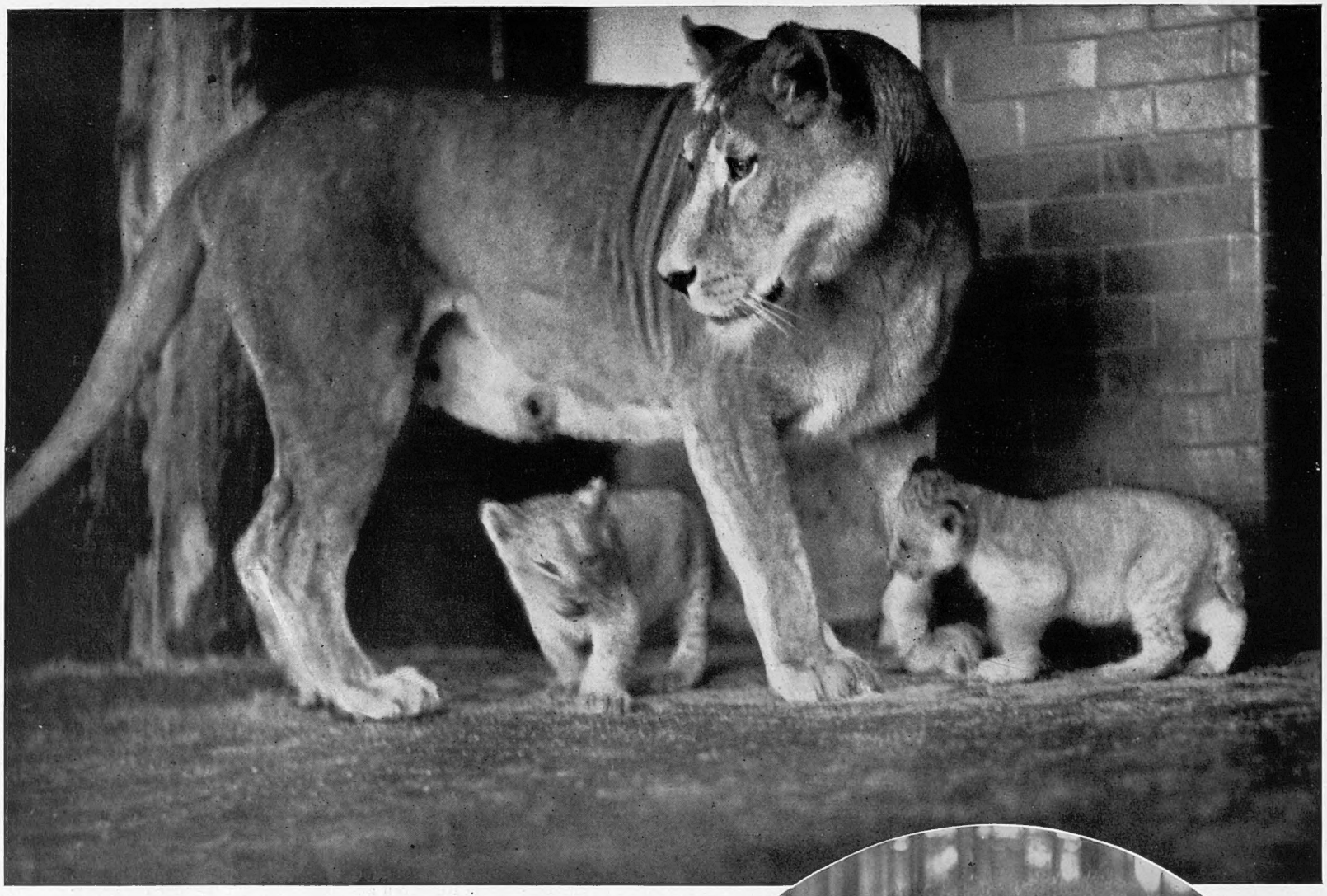
Roosevelt means tariffs, but lower tariffs than Hoover portends: a competitive tariff for revenue, a fact-finding tariff commission free from executive interference, reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations. The economic conference designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange is a plank in both party platforms. But the channels of trade are likelier to be opened by the men who assert that the development of America's policy of economic trade isolation has led to the world slump, than by the men who have to deny that assertion and to prove that everybody is to blame but themselves. Neither candidate advocates War debt cancellation; but both in practice probably mean further moratoriums. Time will settle that problem.

It is pleasant to be President of the United States. It must be, or Hoover would not now be battling for a second term of trouble and woe—a Republican President at loggerheads with a Senate and House which are almost certain to be Democratic. But if history pronounces Hoover to have been a failure, and Roosevelt a success, history will judge but superficially. Neither of these men is great (there have been only three great Presidents in fifty years, and two of them came in quite by accident, while the third was rejected by his party. Bryce has a famous chapter in his *The American Commonwealth*, on why great men are not chosen as Presidents); both are or will be carried along by the tide of world events and changes.

Hoover has steered his boat with skill and brought her to the point where, with all hands at the pumps, she flounders on. Roosevelt, committed by his party to like policies, could have done no better; and, if he is chosen President now, it remains to be seen what the national opinion of him will be at the end of four or eight years. We know what the national opinion of the unfortunate Wilson was! And yet in his heyday he bestrode the nation like a Colossus and the world hung upon his words.

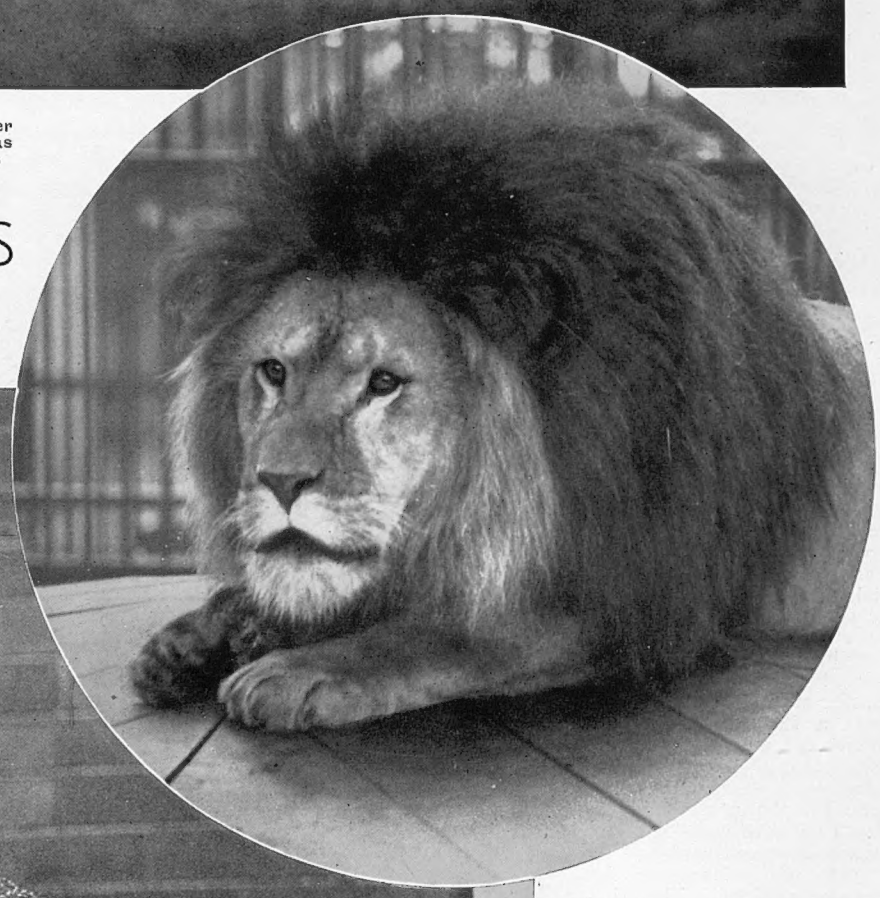


THE PONTIFICAL BLESSING OF THE QUAKER PRESIDENT; Mr. Hoover, abandoning an Asquithian policy of aloofness and reliance on his record to gain his return to power, has inaugurated a whirlwind campaign to stem the Democratic landslide that threatens the Big Business party



MOTHER AND CHILDREN: Lena, the most savage lioness the Zoo has ever owned, with her six-week old cubs, which are so small that wire netting has been stretched across the cage to prevent their slipping between the bars

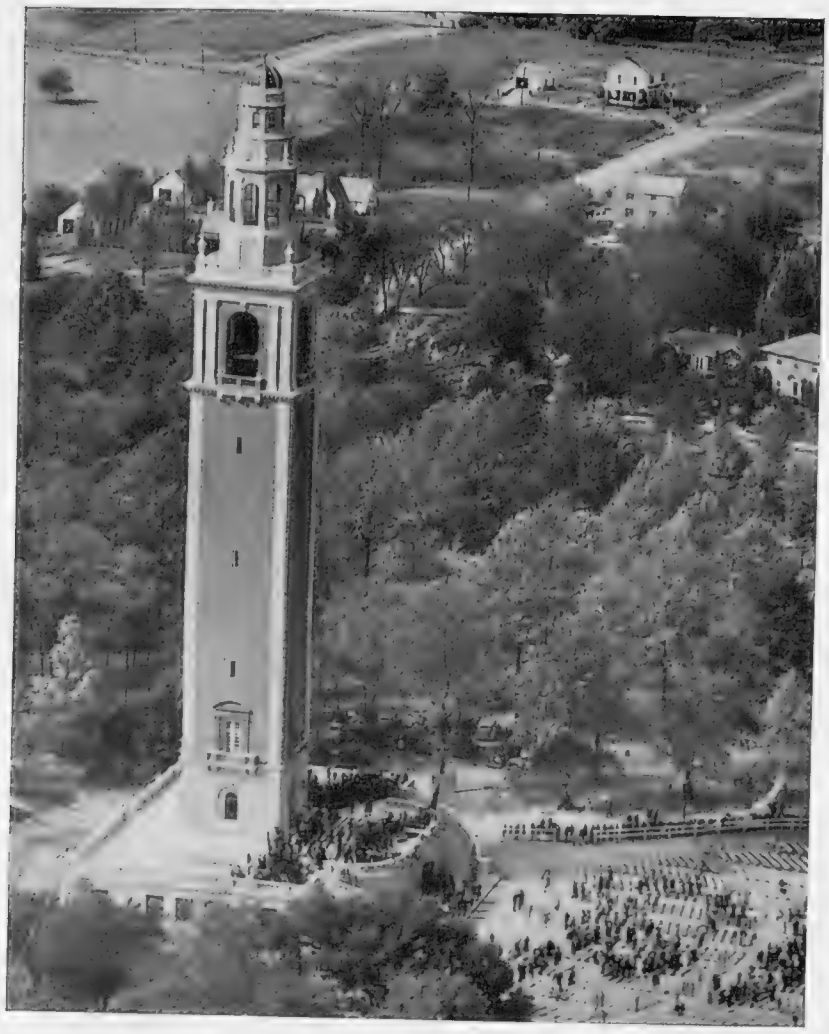
FELINE FELICITATIONS at the ZOO . .



PATERFAMILIAS: Cecil, the lion at the Zoo, is the father of Lena's cubs, which are now six weeks old. He has never been permitted to see his children as yet although the public has been presented to them. This study seems to incarnate his feline wonder—"where are my children?"

TIGER TWINS: "Rajah" and "Ranee," now about nine months old, received their names after the tiger and tigress which recently died. A few days ago they were moved to the lion house and are now on view to the public for the first time. Unlike them the much younger lion cubs, seen in the top picture, are never allowed out of sight of their mother, Lena

The SURVEY of the SPHERE



THE VIRGINIA WORLD-WAR CARILLON was inaugurated at Richmond, Va., with the "exercises"—*anglice*, pomp and circumstance—that invariably accompany any American function from high school graduation upwards

NOTABLES OF HUNGARY: Admiral Horthy and Countess Karolyi rest during a hunting expedition in Gödöllö woods. It is accepted by many authorities that Admiral Horthy is keeping the throne warm for the Habsburgs

A BACCHIC EMBLEM: A superb bunch of grapes—christened, justly, "The Giant Grape." This picture comes from the Harvest Festival at Merano, a district viticulturally famous

HONDURAS IN FLOOD: The raging waters which followed the recent hurricane in Tegucigalpa where 200 sq. miles of cattle country were devastated with the loss of thousands of heads of stock

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: Two striking views of the serious accident which occurred on the main line between Richelieu and Paille in the Island of Mauritius, with a tale of casualties. Three were killed outright and three injured. The accident occurred to a goods-train carrying sugar from the estates to Port Louis. The brakes failed to work and the train struck a light engine travelling in the opposite direction with the results graphically shown in the pictures above

GERMANY'S LITTLE

The Eupen - Malmedy Area Should give Pause for Thought to Europe

EUPEN.

At the dancing Congress of Vienna, the hilly and wooded border country of Eupen-Malmédy, on the Belgo-German frontier, was made over to Prussia for strategical reasons. Prussia duly appreciated the fact at the beginning of August, 1914. It was in this frontierland, from Elsenborn, that von Bülow's first three corps marched to the assault of Belgium. For years previously a network of military railways had been laid, connecting Stavelot, Malmédy, and Eupen with the main arteries in rear. Here was the key to the Schlieffen Plan, and here at the outset of war was the centre of the world, when "les forts tiennent toujours" were the words on every lip in fevered Belgium, the forts of Liège barring the way to the West. The implication that the fortress still held out after the 6th was erroneous, a certain Colonel Ludendorff having walked in on that day, and off his own bat, and by a ruse, caused the Belgians to surrender, thereby freeing a bottle-neck jam that had imperilled the whole campaign.

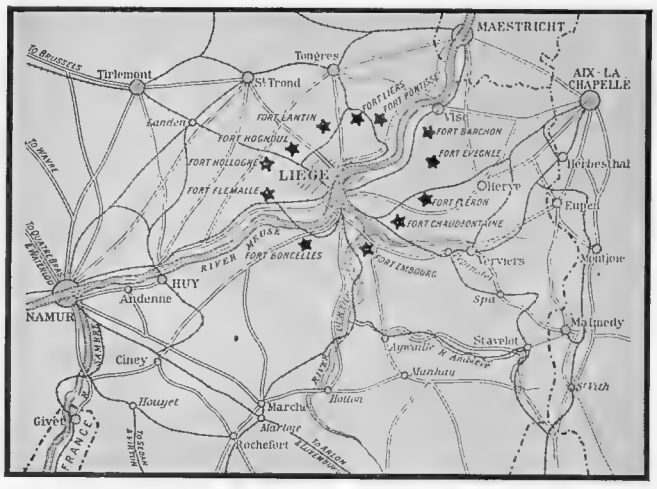
Still, this is by the way. The fact to bring out here is that Prussia, in 1914, made resounding use of the Eupen-Malmédy country, which had belonged to the Walloons before Waterloo, but for which Metternich and Castlereagh had so thoughtfully found new ownership. The use was such that, at Versailles, and despite a no-annexation undertaking, the victors re-made over Eupen-Malmédy to Belgium, though with a proviso that a plebiscite be held. This was held in 1920, and the result was duly endorsed by the League—but 272 protestations among 34,000 electors!—so that seems to be that.

But apparently it wasn't; nor is it (if you understand me). Germany has always said that that voting was a farce, and now, in her new-found Junkerdom, which may well carry her a trifle too far if she is not careful, she is beginning to shout it. She wants back this debouching ground towards the West. The Papen Government has definitely hitched on Eupen-Malmédy to the general list comprising Arming Rights, Dantzig, the Corridor, Silesia, the Saar, the Colonies (silence so far about Alsace-Lorraine).

Was deutsch war müss wieder deutsch werden. So the great Hindenburg. Rather a tall order considering certain happenings between August 8, 1914, and November 11, 1918, still long years of allied and associated inadequacy have led up to it.

METTERNICH, . who was responsible for giving Eupen to Prussia

THE DANCING CONGRESS OF VIENNA, de Hardenberg, Metternich, Nesselrode, that, by ceding Eupen to Prussia, a powerful base from which to launch has now been given back to Belgium—pacific State until a



ROAD AND RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS ROUND LIÈGE: A map showing the area whereby Germany controlled the strategic points from which to launch her assault

Post-War children can learn German to their hearts' content; some years ago the Belgians even offered all who wished the return of their German nationality, though there's a catch here, because anyone who had opted against Belgium would have found subsequent commerce—and life—difficult. Actually fifty-two youths did opt for Germany in order to escape Belgian conscription, and the Germans, reading through such interested patriotism, and refusing to have them, the fifty-two are to-day without a country at all.

The inhabitants of this tiny strip make margarine, soap, leather, paper, and they brew beer, and round Malmédy is much woodcutting. Also, the locals have a dip in the slump-proof, Belgian national industry: smuggling. Belgium is now smuggling H.Q. for Northern Europe. Everything is so cheap or available within, relative to without. The Belgians smuggle all round them in a circle. Into Holland, into Germany, into France, across the Channel to us—they even send our own whisky back clandestinely. It's a great game, as enhanced by tariffs and exchange vagaries.

Here is the report since July 1 on this local Aachen front: 10,000 arrests, 47 motor-cars, 17 motor-cycles, 600 bicycles seized; also 9 tons of tobacco, 26 of coffee, 54 of cereals, 65 of sugar, 16 of bread, and a great quantity of cigarettes. My morning paper announces the capture near here of two professionals running the gauntlet in an armoured car. Arms, jewellery, drugs, spirits, every blessed thing goes in and out of this country under the rose. And, as I say, "the redeemed territory" has its dip along with the rest, thereby rounding off a not unprospering existence. The slump is on, naturally, but when I hinted to my landlord that it was a great deal worse in his Fatherland, he just said: "Macht nichts! wir sind ja deutsch!" (that's no odds—we are German!).

And in that remark is much. It appears to be in these peoples' interests to remain with Belgium, which at present takes much more of their output than does Germany of the high mark; nevertheless, now that things have begun to move across the border—wir sind ja deutsch! The Belgians frankly admit that assimilation efforts have failed, and the position now is that sixteen of the thirty communes into which the annexed zone is split are openly hostile, while there is small doubt that the majority of the remaining fourteen would show themselves no less so were they not restrained by personal motives. Possibly if these people had been left alone they might have jogged surlily along under their new masters. But few are left alone these times and the Heitmatsbund did not fail to come and plant itself down in Eupen-Malmédy; and now they are all Heitmatsbunding, no, not all, but the bug is running riot progessively with Fritz next door getting more blood to the head, even as of old.

So much for the local life. Now I shall translate. I could equally well give a parallel story from the mouths of locals, but I think it better to quote the

THE MAIN STREET OF EUPEN, the area which Germany is fain to possess again but which, though German in sympathy, should at all costs remain Belgian

THE FRONTIER NEAR EUPEN: Although only an inconsiderable area commercially, the Eupen-Malmédy district is of prime strategic importance

Recently 400 delegates from the annexed territory attended a Pan-German Congress at Crefeld, in the Rhineland, when they implored, on behalf of their fellow annexed ones, to be re-enfolded in the Fatherland's embrace, and von Gayl and von Schleicher sent messages of comfort and of hope: and this roused the Belgian Foreign Minister to summon the German Ambassador and to say, "The Belgian Government will accept no discussion regarding its national territory. The Versailles Treaty was faithfully executed in the popular consultation of Eupen and Malmédy, and the League subsequently ruled out the German protests. The Crefeld messages, vain and regrettable, can but hinder local appeasement."

This was not the first time that the Reich had conveyed its sentiments in the matter. In 1925, and again the following year, Herr Schacht of the Reichsbank offered to buy back the borderland by compensating Belgium for her having taken over six milliards of depreciated marks after the Armistice, paper marks circulating in Belgium under the Occupation. On each occasion the offer was proudly rejected. But now it is understood the Germans are not going to be turned down so easily and that they intend taking this latest piece of trouble to break surface back to the League, burning-glass of all trouble.

I have just spent a day in the region. It is a high and healthy projection of the Eifel range, not unlike a lower Switzerland. German is the tongue one hears on all sides, and let it be said at once that the Belgians have acted quite other than Signor Mussolini, who now won't even let them put German on each other's tombstones in once-Austrian Tyrol. The "Muttersprache" has full play round Eupen-Malmédy. There is no conspicuous minority hardship unless it be the denial of the sentimental longing of the majority.

"THE RIFLES STACKED AND THE CANNON HAULED" Malmédy. Such steps should be taken, despite sabre against anothe

PIECE OF BELGIUM

By FERDINAND TUOHY

1814: Wellington, Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Brode, and other dignitaries at the Congress gave that State exactly one century later her attack in the Great War. Eupen has and should be kept by the small and genuinely new Prussia emerges

CASTLEREAGH, who acceeded at the Congress of Vienna to Prussia's owning Eupen

Brussels *Dernière Heure* of the other day, a well-known and responsible paper:

"People who know the territory say that although the Belgian idea is hardly making progress, a referendum to-day would not be favourable to Germany, although everybody, belgophiles and germanophiles alike, are of the opinion that the plebiscite under the League of Nations has yet to be organized, the first one having been a put-up job.

"Officially, but 272 protested in 1920 of a total of 34,000 electors. That would be all right had the vote been a secret one, but things went quite differently. On the announced day the registrar of protest was taken to each town hall. The table where this reposed was guarded by two steel-helmeted gendarmes with drawn swords, while the local police commissary stood by waiting for protesters.

"This had the effect of thinning out the number of those who inscribed their names. Mostly, such as did were functionaries who hadn't much to lose and who knew they'd be better off in Germany. Because, to protest meant expulsion and the placing of one's property under sequestration."

I do not know if Woodrow Wilson has twirled round in his Washington sanctuary at this recital of the first plebiscite to be held under his League of Nations, and later to be endorsed by that League; however, it would be unintelligent not to summon back the hectic war mentality of that distant day, Belgians from the Yser now occupying the fields of the once omnipotent invader. One can only wonder why plebiscites were booked at all for such circumstances. But how young we were!

It has to be remembered, in affairs of this kind, that so long as things go well one hears little or nothing in the way of plaintive appeal to rejoin former brothers should these happen to be in travail. Minority sighs emanate from slumps a good deal of the time. Nothing was heard from Eupen-Malmédy, for example, when Locarno was signed, though Stresemann then contracted to observe the inviolability of the territorial status quo between Belgium and Germany. The Belgians who will discuss the matter at all, the Left, say that this finally settled Eupen-Malmédy—in so far as Germany is concerned. Whatever the scandal of the plebiscite, such was anterior to Locarno.

But the Germans won't have it that way. Says the *Kölnische Zeitung*: "Locarno changed nothing bearing on the question of right, but simply excluded the use of force to decide the matter." That is where all this pacting seems to get one in the event—into a leit motif of "I didn't mean that." There seem to be as many loopholes in the average pact as in the average trench.

Even the Belgian Socialists, who are rapidly spreading in the country and may be the principal party this December, tell Germany to sheer off while at the same time confessing that there *is* an Eupen-Malmédy question for Belgium. The attempted assimilation, they say, has been costly and has conducted to a hostile thorn at the country's most exposed point: in Belgium's own ultimate interest, the locals should be allowed to pronounce properly, without drawn swords in their immediate vicinity. But pronounce for what? For going back to Germany? Or for some intermediary régime? Here we strike the core of the problem.

A scene during the German assault on Belgium via Eupen-rattling from Berlin and nostalgia at Eupen, as will legislate such scene

Eupen - Malmédy has been vitally woven into the new Belgian frontier defences. We know why Metternich gave the territory to Prussia. It remains of the same high strategical importance 117 years later, and the Belgians, who assuredly will never attack anyone, have duly organized the hilly woodland which forms a glacis dominating the main line back to Cologne, and all the junctions and cross-roads in the district . . . the Belgians have included Eupen-Malmédy as a corner-stone in the chain of concealed blockhouses running from Namur right round to Limburg, via Liège. The Belgians are taking no risks in this neighbourhood, not even with Holland. "Boucher le trou" is the word. Nor need I stress the fact that Liège is a defensive outpost of Kent; and à propos, I should like to mention the remarkable way in which the Belgians are banking on ourselves and not upon others.

Since the present arming scare thoughts have constantly flown to Locarno—is it fool-proof enough? How much better would be a simple unilateral agreement with England—if Belgium is attacked, England goes to war! Alas! I felt obliged to say that far from our assuming further obligations of this nature, there was arising a short-sighted school which would even give two years' notice in regard to Locarno, regardless (or in ignorance) of the fact that such action might open the road one day to Kent.

In parenthesis, though, one does think we and the Italians should make some use of what we did for others at Locarno. Here are these infernal cats unendingly spitting and screaming at each other, and we trying to stop them, and not the faintest recognition of our having engaged to send armies abroad to defend one or the other if there's a mêlée on the garden wall.

I was about to add that the heavy guns embedded in the Eupen-Malmédy heights hold every strategical point in adjacent Germany under control, back as far as Düren. There could be no thought of the Germans suddenly flinging themselves across the frontier so long as these guns remained in Belgian hands.

ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER: An illustration from "The Sphere" of August 22, 1914, when the German cavalry were aswarm in the Eupen-Malmédy area and adjacent Belgian territory

In the past no lack of appreciation has been shown in this quarter regarding the advisability of giving the Reich some of her elbow-room back again. It may be that I have even overstressed the desirability of this giving by others, as soon as may be. Well, in regard to Eupen-Malmédy 'tis another story, and my modest suggestion to Papen and Co., to the barons on the Spree, is simply to forget it, however enticing, militarily, the lost land—since, naturally, they're not thinking primarily of the inhabitants. Admittedly these locals "voted" beneath drawn swords, but admittedly, also, here in this very spot the crime was committed. At this gateway the crashing occurred. Here was the pool of blood, here the torn scrap of paper. It is not as other spots. What does the fact of thirty or forty thousand peasants hankering for their homeland matter beside the risk of permitting Prussia once again to make resounding use of the local strategical position? What odds, such peasantry, beside seven million dead? The former merely have the misfortune to be geographically situate at a point vital to European peace.

Europe has changed since that plebiscite of 1920; it is changing every day. I would point out to the Germans one thing. Treaty revision need not necessarily be all in one direction. The ex-Allies might also have something to intimate. Say, that this disputed barrier-land of Eupen-Malmédy never shall go back to Prussia, plebiscite or no plebiscite for, as I say, we have learnt a lot since 1920. Such as that there are other things to be considered above and beyond the sentimental nostalgia of a frontier population. Perhaps these people might be given some form of autonomy. But, unless I am clean off the mark, those guns should remain with unaggressive Belgium, until it is a different Europe and Prussia from to-day.

THE GREAT PAPER FACTORY on the Warche at Malmédy a town first Belgian, then Prussian for a century and now, nominally, Belgian again

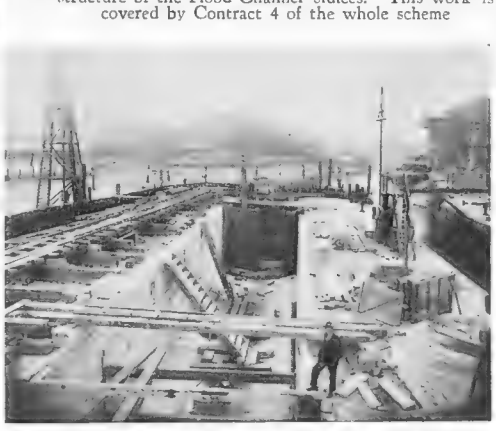
VISTA OF MALMEDY: The Outrele bridge and the Warche at Malmédy, which is of markedly German leanings but is now—and must remain—Belgian

THE NEW FLOOD RELIEF CANAL

AT PRIOR'S SHOOT: The Flood Channel looking north. This innovation is to serve a double purpose: to afford increased facilities for water-borne traffic and to divert any flooding of the area watered by the lower reaches of the River Lee owing to increased volume in the upper reaches

NEAR COMPLETION: The steel sheet piling and revetment at the L.M.S. bridge. Extensive work has been undertaken jointly by the Lee Conservancy Board and the West Ham Corporation

SEEN FROM DOWNSTREAM: The superstructure of the Flood Channel sluices. This work is covered by Contract 4 of the whole scheme



THE NEW LOCK AND LOWER GATES seen from the south. Locks are being constructed in the old River Lee immediately to the south of Carpenters Road at City Mills near Stratford High Steet

CONCRETING WORK ON THE SLOPING SIDES OF THE NEW CANAL: A section of the great flood relief plan in East London involves cutting a complete new canal from Stratford to Bromley, where sluice gates will control the outlet into the Channelsea River. The total cost of the entire scheme is estimated at a million sterling

For many years past the demand for an improvement in the Valley of the Lee to prevent or relieve flooding by upland waters has been apparent, and has concerned the Board of the Lee Conservancy to a very serious extent. Coupled with this has been the desire of the West Ham Corporation not only to take steps to remove the ever constant menace of the flooding of the district, which is the most congested district in the whole of England outside London, but also to so improve the back-rivers of Stratford as to make them navigable for barge traffic.

In former days these back-rivers carried a very substantial amount of water-borne traffic. Lack of funds has in the past prevented the necessary works being carried out. However, in the year 1930, the Lee Conservancy Board and the West Ham Corporation combined forces, and with the assistance of the Unemployed Grants Committee and other public bodies in the Lee Valley they prepared a scheme which obtained the approval of Parliament on August 1, 1930, and a start was made on the actual work on February 2, 1931.

The River Lee rises in Leagrave Marsh, Bedfordshire, and flows through the towns of Luton, Harpenden, and Hatfield on to Hertford. It then passes, either by way of its natural channel or by artificial cuts, through Ware, Stanstead, Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Walthamstow, Leyton, Hackney, West Ham to Bow Creek, and thence to the Thames.

The River Lee has been navigable from very ancient times, and has been controlled by various authorities. In the year 1766, however, a body of trustees was created, and the river continued under their jurisdiction until the formation of the Lee Conservancy Board in 1868. The board was reconstituted in 1900, and still retains the Conservancy of the River.

I have had an opportunity of consulting with Mr. Jenkins, one of the joint engineers in charge of the scheme when the following technical notes were obtained.

The scheme has been designed with three chief objects in view:

(a) The relief of flooding in the Borough of West Ham and adjacent districts.
(b) The improvement of hygienic conditions in relation to the waterways.
(c) The improvement in the navigation of certain of the back rivers.

Further, it is considered that an all-round improvement of the district should result in consequence of the execution of the works.

The works are varied, and consist of dredging between Lea Bridge Road and Carpenters Road and the clearing of the back rivers below Carpenters Road known as the Waterworks River, the Three Mills Wall River, the City Mills River, and the River Lee.

These streams will also be widened and a new cut will be constructed from the site of the present City Mills to the Bow Back River at the Electricity Works. A new by-pass channel will be constructed to connect the Three Mills Wall River with the Channelsea River immediately above its junction with Bow Creek.

Portions of the Three Mills Back River, of the Pudding Mill River, and the waterways abutting on Stratford High Street will be filled in and reclaimed.

Locks are to be constructed in the old River Lee immediately to the south of Carpenters Road and at City Mills near Stratford High Street; also near the Bow tidal locks to relieve the barge traffic at that point. The last-named has been completed, and is now ready for operation. It was formally opened on November 2.

Other necessary works will be carried out such as towpaths, lock-keepers' cottages, culverts, and certain bridges will be enlarged as demanded by the general scheme of works.

From Carpenters Road to Three Mills, the Waterworks River and its extension, the Three Mills Wall River will be so improved as to give a general width of 100 ft., and is designed to form the main channel for the passage of flood water. The construction of this flood channel is in some sections practically completed.

An early start is to be made upon river improvements on the City Mills site, including a new lock with sluices, lock-keeper's cottage, etc.

The existing waterways under the Three Mills are being extended and improved. A new bridge will be constructed to carry Marshgate Lane over the new cut and the existing bridge will be demolished.

The acquisition of many properties is necessary, so also is the demolition of a number of dwelling-houses and, consequently, alternative accommodation is being provided for the people who will be displaced.

F. G. B.

HOUNDS OUT IN THE AUTUMN SUN

Charles E. Brown

THE OPENING MEET OF THE ROCKWOOD HARRIERS in the West Riding. *Inset in circle*—THE HEAD WHIPPER-IN OF THE PUCKERIDGE, Mr. Ben Wilkinson, draws the deep bracken at Woodhall Park

Charles E. Brown

THE MASTER OF THE ROCKWOOD HARRIERS: Miss Lillo Lumb with the huntsman, Mr. Matt-Snell, and some of the hounds. This picture and that above were taken during the opening meet which was held at the Sovereign Inn. The Rockwood hunt a stone-wall country. The pack was founded in 1868 by Mr. Walter Norton of Denby Dale, but in 1893 the pack was taken over by a committee

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NATURE AT CLOSE HAND

A DIFFERENCE IN FOCAL LENGTH: A kestrel or wind-hover recorded not from different points of view but by different lenses. Both pictures were taken from the same "hide," but that on the left was taken with a focal length of 120 cm.—i.e. with a telephoto lens—that on the right with a focal length of 7½ cm.—or an ordinary lens. The term "focal length" designates the distance between the plate and the front of the lens.—*On left* is the largest lens carried by the Staatsschule für Handwerk und Angewandte Kunst (The State School of Applied Arts and Crafts) of Weimar which is specializing in nature photography. Expeditions are made by this institution into regions abounding in game during which the telephoto cinematographic camera—four feet in length—is hoisted on to a tree and the subjects "shot" from there. The apparatus is fantastic in appearance. It reminds one of the cumbrous and primitive apparatus used at the beginning of photography. The negative produced on cinema films is 18 by 24 mm. The diameter of the objective with the largest focal length of 120 cm. on the Zeiss triplet, amounts to nearly 20 cm. The distance of the lens from the film up to the screen ring amounts, when set to infinity, to 1.20 m., when set for natural size 2.40 m. The entire camera or its dark chamber must also be of the same length. To obtain a view of a bird's nest this huge apparatus had often to be got into trees 15 m. high and suitably concealed

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE CLOSE-UP LENS: The giant telephoto lens used on the State School of Weimar expeditions

"THIS IS A STUPID BUSINESS" Disparagement of the film

"I'M GOING TO LOOK AT SOMETHING MORE LIKE MYSELF!" A gorilla turns away from the film to regard the public. *Lower left* the gorilla's boredom at the film is seen

EXPERIMENT AT THE ZOO: A film of monkeydom was shown by means of a specially erected projector to the gorillas at the Zoo, to observe their reactions to the pictures of their simian relations. The gorillas, however, took no notice; they looked at it for a moment and turned away to study the public which had braved the rain to watch the experiment. The three studies above show the boredom of the gorillas

REMOTE PEOPLES OF THE SHAN STATES

IN THE CENTRE OF THE SHAN STATES at Laikha rises this pagoda of ornate fretted outline. This type, with its many roofs and elaborate decorations, is very different from the simple but impressive bell-shaped pagodas seen all over Lower Burma and best exemplified in the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon. The latter type is seen in the small pagoda on the right and in the tiny pagodas clustering at the foot of the latter. Both pagodas are crowned with a cap of gilded bells

BAZAAR DAY IN LASHIO: This picture gives a good idea of the variety of types seen in these marts. The hill-woman with her back to the camera is a Kachin, and she is wearing a quantity of silver ornaments which present the appearance of a shoulder plate. The patterned skirt, short woven leg-pieces, and black fibre rings above them are discernible. She is talking to a Burmese whose hair is coiffed in a round tower on top of her head, and whose clothes show a different style from those of the hill-woman

A SHIN-BYU PROCESSION OF SHAN BUDDHISTS: This takes place when a young Shan boy has his head shaved, receives a new name (Shin-Byu), and goes to a Buddhist monastery to become a monk either permanently or temporarily. The women of his family, dressed in their best, go in procession round the village with gifts for the hypoongyis (monks) in the shape of food and model pagodas in paper

A correspondent who has just returned from a tour of the Shan States writes that they occupy the whole hilly region of North-East Burma, and are ruled by Shan Chiefs or Sawbwas, who have formed a Federation among themselves, and who in certain respects have full ruling powers, but are nevertheless subject to Imperial authority and supervision. Touring through these States one finds a wonderful variety of scenery and peoples. Among the inhabitants there is much variety, for these are by no means only Shans, many other previously wild and lawless tribes having settled down here and taken to a peaceful but hardworking life of agriculture. Many of the Shans have been long converted to Buddhism, but the Kachins, Palaungs, Toungthus, Toungyos, and other hill tribes, in spite of much effort on the part of American Baptist missionaries, are still animistic in beliefs and primitive in habits. These peoples—unlike the Shans whose clothing is somewhat drab—have a piquant and cheerful taste in dress, each tribe being distinguishable by the distinctive differences in the clothes of its females. They weave the stuff for their skirts, jackets, and trousers on the most primitive of looms, but the result is very gay and attractive, while their various kinds of head-gear are nearly always brightly coloured, the exceptions being the turbans, skirts, "jumpers," and trousers of the Toungthus, who prefer them all in black. The women—particularly the Palaungs and Kachins—are also extremely fond of bright bead necklaces and silver ornaments of every kind, while another of their peculiarities is the wearing of hip and leg rings.

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

THE CAFETERIA CAR is one of the latest ideas in railway catering to be adopted by the L.M.S.

A SCOTTISH EXPRESS IN THE CUMBERLAND HILLS: One of the 3,101 trains run daily by the L.M.S. Under the new 1932 time-table, these trains save 10,084 minutes per day

Somebody once said that a country always had the laws which it deserved. Even cynics would not have agreed a year or two ago that this would also be applicable to its railways—at least as far as England was concerned. One had a feeling of immense futility when the only train in the day arrived half-an-hour late and the food was poor and the dividends had dropped yet again. It seemed hardly worth while to write to the Traffic Controller in the hopes of a reply, especially after the wide circulation of the famous story about the man who complained that he had found an out-size flea in his sleeper. You remember how it went. He wrote a virulent letter to the railway concerned and had a long reply full of pained surprise and unutterable regret, which he perused with vindictive appreciation until he found, accidentally slipped into the envelope, the terse memorandum from the Commercial Manager: "Send complainant the regulation bug-letter."

In the last few months all this has changed. The railway authorities, at last stung into action by the extreme activity of the road services and the increase in private motor-car travel, have changed their whole attitude towards the public. The word "concession" has been abolished from their vocabulary. Instead of letting the public come to them when compelled to use their railway trains, they now urge the public to use their services, employing salesmen to "sell" them, creating reasons for people to travel by railway trains and offering every kind of inducement to use their service. Shareholders may think it a pity that this was not done ten years before and regret that railway executives should have waited until they were compelled to do so before they made rail travel actually attractive. But this all belongs to the past. Whatever the compelling reasons which lie behind the new outlook, the fact remains that every effort is being made to win back the road-borne traffic to the railways. And these efforts are being crowned with remarkable success.

Let us start with the London, Midland, and Scottish, which recently promoted Mr. Ashton Davies to what really is the post of super-salesman of traffic. Last year there were only two areas in their territory where it was possible to buy "contract" tickets. To-day there are seventeen. A contract ticket is one which gives you unlimited travel inside a specified area for a specified period of a week. As can be imagined, this innovation went with a swing in Scotland, where an Edinburgh man travelled 1,709 miles for half-a-guinea this year. Educational tickets—an idea borrowed from the Great Western which inaugurated them with a visit to Swindon—have also gone very well. This year more than 50,000 people have availed themselves of the trip to Cadbury's works at Bournville, where the chocolate firm makes itself responsible for conducting the visitors round the works and telling them all about it. Soap works have been another attraction of the same nature. A routine attraction has been the half-day excursion with conditions so elastic that 166,000 more people utilized them this year than last. Every kind of excursion has been invented. The saving daylight has been a winner. It enables the passenger to travel through the night to, say, Blackpool, have a thoroughly good time there at the Tower and elsewhere, and then travel back again, sleeping in a third-class sleeper in time to start work on the following day at the normal time.

Llandudno, Glasgow, and Dublin were other Meccas of the daylight-saving excursionist. Nor was London left out of the reckoning. These over-night fares are done so abnormally cheaply that visitors can come to London from places like Liverpool, Manchester, and Stoke at much less than a penny a mile instead of the usual three-halfpence.

The London, Midland, and Scottish, like the other railways, has specialized in stealing the road traffic from the road traffic kings themselves. When the Humber–Hillman group decided to run a big party by road to see the works at Coventry and the new 1933 models, the railway engagingly suggested that it would take the party quicker to Coventry than any party had ever gone there before, roads or no roads. The suggestion was smiled on, and the trip was done at the rate of sixty-eight miles an hour, which involved the breaking of four records. But I must leave until later all reference to the extra speed which the railways have up their sleeve to use when required. This I can say, at one point the train reached 88·3 m.p.h.; but it must always be remembered that even a train is affected by climatic conditions, though much less than a motor car. A case in point is Shap in Westmorland, a particularly steep and exposed gradient where a cross wind can lop off several miles an hour from the speed. A cross wind, you see, blows the wheels on to the side of the rail, causing much extra friction, and experienced engine-drivers are positively loquacious about the effect it has. A head wind is nothing like so delaying in its effect.

The London, Midland, and Scottish can point proudly to the fact that they are largely the pioneers in improved food innovations. They recently started a buffet car where light snacks were served, and then improved on this with a cafeteria car where a genuine "help yourself" service is installed between Liverpool and Manchester. The passenger comes in at one end of the dining-car, slides his tray along, fills it himself from the various dishes, and then has it checked up by the cashier before paying for it and eating it at one of the tables.

Another piece of London, Midland, and Scottish enterprise in furnishing the public with an inducement to travel was their excursion to see the Northern Lights. This started from Glasgow and went 250 miles to Lybster at a return fare of 15s. The train left in the late afternoon and was back next morning, and the whole thing was a great success. "Railways have to be more and more topical nowadays," said one of their officials, "and that is the way to get more business. It is mere routine work to transport a crowd of people at cheap rates to and from a football match. But we go much further than that nowadays. The new idea is to create business. It is a pity it was not done ten years ago. To show you the extent to which we will go to create goodwill, I may tell you that a few weeks ago we slewed the main track a whole foot to one side for nearly 50 yards in order to carry an extra wide load over a particular bend near a bridge. Then look at our 'farm removals.' The average man does not realize that farmers are much more nomadic than one would expect. We guarantee to remove whole farms from one part of the country to another. On May 13, 1932, we moved the entire establishment of Castle Douglas, Kircudbrightshire, the property of Mr. James Logan, to Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire. The distance was 327½ miles, and the journey was completed between second milking time of the cows on Friday and first milking time on Saturday; the London, Midland, and Scottish providing a special train which conveyed fifty head of cattle, complete dairy equipment, two trucks of furniture, and the farmer and his family and staff—altogether thirteen persons."

Complete factories, too, are nowadays whisked from one county to another. The best example of this was the transport of Ford's Motor Works from Trafford Park to Dagenham. In this instance the machinery was out of production for only one working day, the men finishing on the evening of February 19 and starting work at 8 a.m. on the 21st. An innovation about which all the railway companies, and in particular the London, Midland, and Scottish, are very proud, is the container. This is best described as a demountable truck carried either by road or rail. Its size ranges up to a capacity of four tons, and though invented in 1927 when it was a mere box it is now a highly developed affair which, when converted into a travelling hod, will carry off bricks and tiles loaded at the kiln and deliver them to any specified *storey* of the building where they are wanted. The railways are all duly proud, also, of the new household removal scheme whereby furniture is taken from door to door, with the service of packers, removal men, linoleum layers, and picture hangers comprised in the service. Formerly the furniture was packed on to the van, unpacked and repacked for the railway truck, unpacked, repacked, and unpacked again at its destination. Another innovation is the refrigerated service. The latest containers' interior has a permanent temperature of 112 degrees below zero, thanks to the Imperial Chemicals' discovery of dry-cold, and here again the service is from door-step to door-step.

Mr. Ashton Davies' idea is to make each of his employees a salesman. So he has addressed appeals to the whole of the London, Midland, and Scottish staff. He has furthermore fixed a quota of receipts for each station based on the average earnings thereof, and urges the staff, from station-master to junior

THE COCKTAIL BAR is the latest amenity to be installed on the Flying Scotsman, the star train of the L.N.E.R. (King's Cross)

EXCURSIONS TO THE EAST COAST are run by the L.N.E.R. This picture shows the dairymen's annual outing. They went to Yarmouth

ARE ALIVE: The Latest Devices and Developments

Adopted to Encourage the Traveller to Patronize the Four Great Railway Lines of Britain

By CHARLES GRAVES

porter, to try and beat the quota figure. Another recent effort of the railways to win back their popularity is to be found in the introduction of the warehouses on wheels. The four leading railway companies own 12,000,000 sq. ft. of warehouses in key positions. To-day the railways offer to act as distributing agents to their clients, keeping their stock for them and supplying them with mobile warehouses in the form of converted parcels vans. These enable manufacturers to test potential markets at a minimum cost. If a man thinks it worth trying a particular area he can now hire a mobile van, see how it goes and, if it is not a success, send it across to some other town in case his commodities are likely to meet with a greater demand.

One of the few instances of salesmanship to which the railways can point before the road competition forced them into real exertion was the business of employing canvassers whose job it was to interest possible purchasers in factory sites on their particular rail route. To-day this department is responsible for persuading all kinds of syndicates, up to and including greyhound track promoters, to use their territory. "Speaking generally," said my London, Midland, and Scottish official, "we are doing our best to give customers the benefit of a one-day transit of goods—delivering the goods the morning after they have been put on the truck. We are also trying to make people realize that they can be much more comfortable in a steam-heated train, where there is no strain of driving it personally and where they can have a meal without breaking their journey."

"Not so long ago," said an L.N.E.R. official, "the Duchess of Stick-on-the-Wold was dependent on the local branch line if she wanted to transport her guests in comfort to her garden party. To-day her social secretary gets in touch with us and she has a special train at special cheap rates. We railway men are trying to give service now, and we are succeeding, I think. Only recently we sent a special train down just for a lunch by the seaside. Admittedly it was the Colchester Oyster Feast and Prince Arthur of Connaught was on the train, but it shows how much more latitude we show in our efforts to get goodwill. All over our territory we are in touch with local agents who tell us when there is any local news like the likelihood of a pageant (folk dancing is getting more and more popular), so that we can make arrangements about special excursions. No railway system is ever perfect. But it is nearest its ideal when it meets public needs for individual half-days."

THE WORLD'S FASTEST TRAIN: A head-on view of the Cheltenham Flyer travelling at speed

THE WORLD'S FASTEST TRAIN: The Cheltenham Flyer of the Great Western, whose high average speed was raised a few weeks ago from 69+ to 71+ on the London-Swindon stretch

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE: The new furniture removal method of the Southern Railway is to keep all furniture in one van for the whole journey

Charles E. Brown

A "CUSHY" JOB! Fitting first-class cushions for the new Brighton electrified coaches—the latest Southern Railway development

He went on to say that the psychology of giving passengers a reason to travel is being developed in various ways. Seaside excursion facilities are being popularized for the inhabitants of cities who have never gone to particular resorts in bulk before. A case in point were the excursions this summer from Sheffield to Scarborough. Usually Sheffielders go to the west side of England—Blackpool way. When I complained that there is only one train to Scarborough from London on Sundays, and that it takes nearly nine hours, he said, "We are movers of masses, and our best services must be for the majority. We want to find the public trend, and who would ever want to go to Scarborough on a Sunday?" It seems a fair reply. Railways appear to be much more in touch in 1932 with the public wants than they ever were before. The L.N.E.R., for example, has popularized trips to London to see the sights and the cinemas at absurdly low rates on half-holidays and week-ends. On Sundays they have recently instituted trips to Cathedral cities. They have also developed these educational trips to the point where a thousand people booked from Newcastle to go under the guidance of an archæological expert to see the Roman wall at Haydon Bridge. Next year you may be sure that the idea will be developed, and that there will be angling excursions with an expert angler to teach the passengers how to fish.

Another bright new L.N.E.R. idea to win the public back from the charabancs is the "See the scenery" excursion. These are run at slow speeds over branch lines often not available to passenger traffic. The distances are between sixty and eighty miles and there are stops for tea and scenery. A case in point was the route between York and Pickering. The train slowed to 20 m.p.h. up the valley of the River Esk and past Goathland. A stop was made at Whitby for tea, and then the travellers were brought back along the coast route to Scarborough. Although only one train-load was advertised, no fewer than five were filled by enthusiastic people who might otherwise have gone by motor coach. The enterprise of the L.N.E.R. is also illustrated by the fact that, if a football match is drawn and a replay is necessary, the crowds are given handbills before they leave the ground with details of the trains for the second clash. Another instance of their awakening realization of public needs can be found in their readiness to offer cut prices to heads of firms who are intending to give their employees a day off. In one case the men of a large milk delivery firm who were paying for the cost of their "beano" in advance at the rate of 1s. a week were taken from King's Cross to Yarmouth and back with pier tickets, supper on the train, and a cinema show, all thrown in for 10s.!

Every railway company has its "stunt" train. That of the L.N.E.R. is the Flying Scotsman in which a cocktail bar has now been installed in addition to the hairdressing saloons. Shower baths, too, have been installed, and wireless headphones are another innovation of 1932. These are handed out by a uniformed attendant, and when the B.B.C. programme is dull, records are played on the radio gramophone. How much more entertaining it is possible to make travel remains to be seen. But the railway chiefs appreciate the fact that what used to be considered relaxation is now taken as boredom, and it is necessary to think up new ways to beguile the passenger who has not the concentrated fun of a steering-wheel in front of him and a klaxon beside his right wrist.

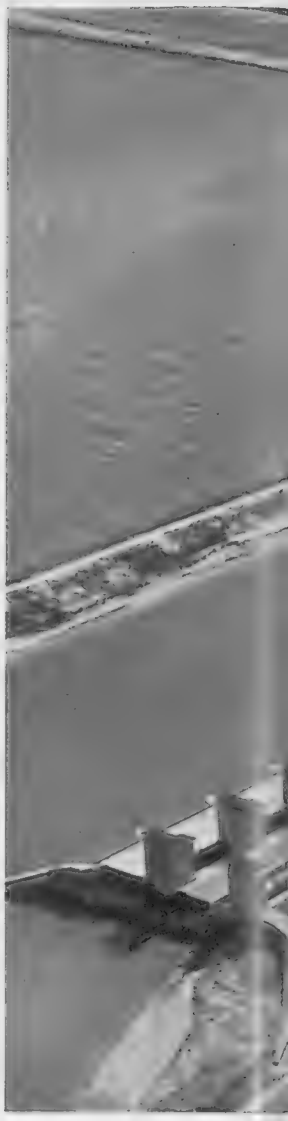
The Southern Railway was the pioneer of the Contract or "Take it or leave it" ticket. They instituted it in the Isle of Wight, and while 35,000 people took advantage of the scheme last year in the Isle of Wight alone, they do not know yet how big the increase has been in 1932. This railway is concentrating its appeal for popularity largely on the comfort of its new rolling stock. It is good news that it is building nothing but corridor stock with lavatories and dining cars. All the new third-class compartments have arms for every seat, separate cushions, and a nice long easy angle backwards for the body and head of the passenger. The seats are better sprung too, and in every respect they are much more comfortable than the first-class carriages in 1913. This, of course, is very important, in view of the continually increasing comfort of private cars and motor coaches. But the Southern does not rest content with this. It improved on the Great Western's mystery trains for hikers (since copied by every nation in Europe as well as the United States) by running hiking trains about which there was no mystery at all. Mr. S. P. B. Mais, the great expert on walking and the countryside, was hired as arch-rambler or arch-hiker for lecturing excursions to all the prettiest bits of scenery in the Southern territory.

Besides this, special trains were run to Southampton in order that the passengers could go on board the liners—all at an inclusive charge. This has been most successful. So, too, have been the special tickets for fishermen and anglers who can go by train to one port and return by train from another at the cheap rate which is normally only possible when travelling to and from one particular spot. Hikers, also, have been encouraged in this way with "Go as you please" tickets. The Southern, with its responsibility for the cross-Channel steamers, can also point to the Maier-form bow of the new steamer, *Isle of Sark*, specially designed to prevent pitching

(Continued on p. 240)

EXIT TH

THE ZUYDER ZEE EBBS TO THE SEA: One of the giant sluices through which the age-old hunting ground of the Dutch fisher-folk is gradually pouring away to the sea to be replaced with sweet water—and possibly freshwater fish and arable land



THE COLOSSAL UNDERTAK
visible from afar off acr

ATTACKED BY THE WOOD-WORM! Two difficulties which the engineers have had to meet are that the brushwood mattresses which formed the basic foundation of the Zuyder Zee dam have suffered from wood-worm, and that the galvanized wire coupling has been weakened by the action of sea water

AT THE FRIESLAND END OF THE DAM
traffic road runs along the dam between th
difficulty at the mo

THE ZUYDER ZEE: ENTER THE IJSSELMEER

DERTAKING AT DAN OEVER: The pylon-like towers of the sluice gates seen from the air. At this hitherto unnoticed point, gigantic steel cranes, transporters, and girders are off across the flat wastes of the polder. Some fifty millions of guldens' worth of machinery and shipping are at work on the nineteen-mile long dam of which Dan Oever marks one end. Although the dam itself was closed nearly half-a-year ago, problems still constantly arise to be immediately solved

CUTTING A NEW CANAL through the soft soil of the Wieringenpolder. So soft is the soil that machinery sinks into it. The polder is threaded with a network of canals to drain away the sea water and salt, and it is hoped that with the passage of time and the fall of heavy rain the salt will be washed below the level of cultivation

DAM: The gigantic sluice gates at Kornwerder Zand, nineteen miles away from Dan Oever. A nineteen-mile tween the two termini. The great dam itself represents a triumph of modern engineering. The most stringent the moment is to be found in the question of financing the continuation of the work

The accompanying pictures, together with the notes on the following page, are the product of a personal visit to the Zuyder country by a special "Sphere" commissioner who examined all facets of the work. A full description of the difficulties encountered and triumphantly circumvented; of the gigantic costs incurred and successfully defrayed; the further trials yet to be surmounted appear on p. 224

EXIT THE ZUYDER ZEE

Holland's Newly-won Territory

By ROY ELSTON

THE FIRST MOTOR VEHICLE, not actually engaged in the work of construction, to pass across the nineteen-mile Zuyder Zee dyke

The Zuyder Zee is no more. In its place is the dwindling Ijsselmeer; the lonely province of reclaimed mud where rye and alfalfa compete for place with the salt-fed sea-aster, a mountainous dijk which marks the new frontier of the sea and, beyond that, the Waddenzee, whimpering in from the sullen North Sea, which bides its time before what gloomy prophets believe to be the inevitable revenge.

"We are fighting a long battle with the sea. But the odds are against us in the long run. There cannot be the slightest doubt which of us is likely to wear out first."

The transformation in the Dutch scene is visible long before its actual cause. Dozens of little fishing villages along what formerly were the banks of the Zuyder Zee are already mournful relics, out of date and desolate. At Spakenburg, Huizen, Volendam, Marken, and the rest, the fleets of broad-beamed, brown-sailed fishing vessels which for hundreds of years have been a conspicuous and romantic feature of the Zuyder Zee, lie idle. Along the old sienna-stained quays one used to thread one's way through crates of anchovies, webs of drying nets, busy groups of fishermen, and their rotund vrouws. Now the quays are empty. The fishermen sit in melancholy couples at the end of the mole looking out across the sweetening waters that once gave them livelihood, as it gave livelihood to their fathers and forefathers. From time to time one reads in the newspapers such significant details as these:

"The Official Employment Bureaux have succeeded in placing in work a number of ex-Zuyder Zee fishermen as follows:

200 men in the Government railways.
150 men in various factories.
35 men on farms."

Observe the small percentage of men who are willing to farm the lands over which they formerly cast their nets. Observe how prettily modern civilization changes the habits and crafts of centuries!

I talked with a splendid old fisherman of Spakenburg. He was busy swabbing the decks of his laid-up vessel. He had not been out to sea for over three weeks, but every day he washed the decks of his ship while his wife sought diligently for broken threads in the fishing net which she had already mended and mended again.

I said, "Well, if you become a farmer you'll have much fewer dangers to face."

"God is with us on the sea," he replied quietly, as if to imply that the Divine Presence was less assured over the acres of sea-bed furrowed now by ploughs instead of by sea currents. His forefathers for six generations had fished the Zuyder Zee. "And no Government can turn me into a grower of beets," he added. But circumstances are against the old man. The anchovies have been thinned out to almost nothing, and Zuyder Zee bott, that most delicious and profitable of fish, are barred from their former haunts by the great dyke.

The authorities assert that, given time, a profitable industry in sweet-water fish will compensate for the loss of the sea varieties. The old fishermen laugh at the assertion. "A pond for week-end anglers; that is what is left of the Zuyder Zee."

Other people beside fishermen criticize the Zuyder Zee Reclamation Scheme. They point to the fact that no one wants to buy the reclaimed land. "The Zuyder Zee fishing industry has been ruined to provide agricultural land which nobody wants and which cannot be made to pay." The criticism is hardly just. When the reclamation scheme was commenced farm land was scarce in Holland, and any price could be got for good grain-growing soil and pasture meadows.

Now that the farming industry, along with every other industry, is in the doldrums, there is no money to buy the hard-won territory, and the Government, who are cultivating it themselves, can find no market for the produce. But with the ultimate arrival of good times the reclaimed lands will be eagerly bid for, and Holland's greatest industry will enjoy the expansion foreshadowed by the promotors of the original scheme.

There are other serious difficulties in connection with the cultivation and disposal of the reclaimed land. When I visited the new Wieringermeerpolder the other day, it was with the expectation that I should see most of the land either under cultivation or ready for cultivation in the New Year. The truth is that some years must elapse before the whole area, or even the greater part of it, is productive. Sea plants alone thrive over thousands of acres, owing to the salty nature of the soil; and the whole polder is threaded with numberless ditches designed to carry off the surplus water and salt. It is expected that a few seasons of heavy rains will cause the salt to sink below the level of cultivation. Meanwhile, not only the salt, but the whole level of the polder is slowly sinking, and it is believed that within two years the surface of the reclaimed land will be from 3 to 5 ft. lower than it is now.

This elaborate ditching of the land is a serious impediment to its proper cultivation, which can only be done successfully with the help of caterpillar tractors and other machinery designed to overcome the risk of sinking, which is caused by the extremely soft character of the soil. It can readily be imagined how difficult it is to use this type of machinery over land divided by ditches into small sections which are sometimes no bigger than ten metres square. It is proposed now to create underground drains and thus leave the surface of the land free.

The Wieringermeerpolder presents one of the loneliest sights in Europe. At intervals over the flat, muddy surface are huge, garish barns, built by the Government against the time when farmers can be persuaded to work the land. One little village, Slootdorp, is already complete with post office, two churches, a school, and a doctor. A second, which is likely to become the chief village of the polder, is now in course of construction, and the workmen engaged are almost the only sign of human life one comes upon. I was taken over the polder and into the Government workshops and barns by Inspector de Jong, a Dutch agricultural expert who was brought over by the Government from Canada, and he assured me that every problem, as it arose, was capable of rapid solution. "That grey, salty land," he said, "in a few years' time will grow the best wheat in Holland."

Perhaps he is right; but it is much too early yet to form even an approximate judgment of the ultimate results which will accrue from the impoldering of the Zuyder Zee. Only a small section of the total area it is proposed to reclaim has yet been cleared of water.

The Wieringermeerpolder, in the North-West, represents some 50,000 acres of reclaimed land. If the Government can be persuaded to vote the money, a start will be made very soon on the reclamation of the North-East Polder, an area of 135,000 acres. This is to be followed by the South-East Polder, 230,000 acres, and the South-West Polder, 135,000 acres. The total area which it is thus proposed to add to the territory of Holland is 550,000 acres, or one-tenth of the arable area of the whole Netherlands. It is difficult to appreciate the immensity of this undertaking. Bloody battles have been fought and re-fought, whole nations have engaged in terrible warfare, to decide the ownership of much smaller countries.

"And what do we want it for?" asked a discontented old gentleman who used to spend his summer holidays sailing over the Zuyder Zee, from Amsterdam to the islands of the North. "We've got as much as we can do to look after the land we've already filched from the sea." The majority of Dutchmen think otherwise. To them, the present Zuyder Zee scheme is simply an inevitable move in Holland's age-long struggle with the sea.

The first move in the new offensive was the construction of the enclosing dam. What Canute could not do, the Dutchman has done gloriously, and the sea has been made to retreat over nearly 1,000,000 acres. The great dam was finished, or rather closed, in May of this year, two years earlier than was originally estimated. It represents one of the greatest engineering works of modern times, and, say the experts, its benefits to the country are incalculable. In original estimates the total costs (which have been exceeded by a couple of millions) were given at £7,500,000; and its immediate value to the country has been estimated at a profit of £10,000,000 over the outlay.

It is a strange experience to visit this great monster of sand, clay, stone, and cement. We approached it over the muddy solitudes of the Wieringermeerpolder, which lies flat as the sea itself. In the distance could be seen Den Oever, at the eastern extremity of the dam. I remember sailing to the little island of Wieringen some years ago, when the Crown Prince of Germany was in residence there. We stopped, now, to take a cup of tea at the little forge where the Crown Prince used to busy himself making horse-shoes. "Some day he is coming back to visit us," said our hostess. "We grew very fond of him." On the wall of the house are hanging some of the horse-shoes made by the royal exile.

When the ex-Crown Prince lived on Wieringen, nobody ever noticed the little fishing village of Den Oever. Now you cannot help noticing it, from miles away. Gigantic steel cranes, transporters, huge girders, the enormous concrete pylons of the sluice-gates are visible from far across the flat wastes of the polder. We saw them outlined in black, like a terrible artillery, against the sullen sky; and for the moment imagination dwelt upon the drama of this amazing struggle between man and sea. The view as we came near was like that of a great shipping port.

I commented on this aspect of Den Oever to the engineer who conducted us over the works. He smiled in the superior manner everyone connected with this colossal undertaking is well justified in assuming.

"We have 50,000,000 guldens' worth of machinery and shipping at work on the dam," he said. "Roughly a value of 6,000,000 in cranes, transporters, tugs, barges, and the rest."

Although the dam was closed five months ago, the struggle is far from over. Unexpectedly the sea launches a counter-attack, gains a momentary victory, and confronts the engineers with new tasks to perform. Only a few days ago a slight sensation was caused by the publication in an Amsterdam paper of a report that part of the foundations of the dam near the sluice-gates at Den Oever had sunk dangerously owing to the scouring action of newly-formed sea currents.

It was partly to discuss this problem and learn the nature of the damage that I visited the works. When I mentioned the matter to the engineer in charge of the works at Den Oever he shrugged his shoulders. "These newspapers," he said, "they cause us a fearful lot of trouble."

I agreed that newspapers were not an unmixed blessing. "But what of the truth of the statement?" I asked.

"Well, in a way it is true," he replied. "The sea is inexplicable. We never know what it will do next. This time it has created a current which eats away at the bed on which the groundwork of the dam is placed. So far the report is correct."

"Are the results very serious?"

"Not at all. You see that new, small dam we are building a short distance out from the locks? The offending current now strikes that dam, turns in its course, and leaves the main dyke untroubled. It is really a very simple matter, and has not caused us a moment's uneasiness."

There seem to be no difficulties for these men. They take the construction of this dyke, on which cement two-way traffic roads have been built alongside double railway tracks, and which holds back the sea along a length of nearly nineteen miles, as a simple matter of mind application plus the use of several thousand brawny arms and 50,000,000 guldens' worth of machinery.

Nevertheless, it has been a bitter struggle the whole time. A chart was shown to me on which had been marked the rate of progress in dumping the foundations of the dyke. It looked like a fever chart. Five metres laid in the day time. Three metres washed away over night. Every day a slight advance on the sea; and every night a slighter retreat. Bit by bit the sea was forced back until the chart, at the end, registers a great victory.

The first serious difficulty overcome was the deepening of the sea-bed on both sides of the dam, caused by the increasing current velocity. Then the brushwood mattresses at the foundation of the dam suffered from the depredations of the wood-worm. More serious still, the galvanized wire used to hold the stakes together, and essential to the safety of the sill-dams, were weakened by the action of the sea-water. One by one these problems were faced and solved until finally, in May, 1932, the last bucket of earth was dropped and the dyke definitely closed. And one by one the problems which continue to arise will be solved also.

(Continued on p. 240)

ART NEWS OF THE WEEK

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY": A fine Lely recently acquired by Mr. J. J. Haverly of Atlanta, Georgia, from the New House Galleries of New York and St. Louis

"THE DESIGNER": This example of the art of Wallerant Vaillant comes from the Martin Sternberg collection sold in Amsterdam last month

MR. A. J. MOLLISON: A treatment by Concord, one of the two Morton twin brothers, who are holding a show at the Bromhead Galleries next week

FAIREY NIGHT BOMBER: This example of the work of Concord Morton shows the treatment he and his brother accord to their specially selected subject—aircraft and aeronauts. Their exhibition at the Bromhead Galleries in Cork Street is entitled "Planes, Pilots, and Passengers." They miss no get-at-able air event of note

MISS AMY JOHNSON (Mrs. A. J. Mollison) by Concord Morton—a study of the great woman aerial pioneer by one of the talented brothers

"BEN LOYAL AND THE KYLE OF TONGUE, SUTHERLAND": This admirable example of the art of Mr. Borlase Smart, R.O.I., R.W.A., is to be seen at the show of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, 195, Piccadilly. Mr. Smart's pictures in this exhibition include three Scottish and one Cornish scene, all of which are dexterously treated

MISS MARGARET WATTS, daughter of the distinguished *Punch* artist—a portrait by Gluck, who is holding a one-woman show at the Fine Art Society

MLLE JACQUELINE DELUBAC, who will play opposite Sacha Guitry in *La Jalousie*, the first of a series of plays to be presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran at the Cambridge Theatre this month—a welcome addition to the attractions of the London stage

DRAMA

The New Nares Technique : The Return of Cyril Maude : The Obscurity of "The Barber" : The French Season : O.T.: "My Hat"

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Owen Nares was not long ago playing, in a piece called *Pleasure Cruise*, the part of a middle-aged husband who watches his wife being made love to by a younger man, and who, demolishing his rival, takes the silly woman back to his arms where all will be presumably forgotten and forgiven. That is the Owen Nares "line" at present.

Unfortunately it robbed *Once a Husband*, which has none too many elements of any kind about it, of the element of surprise. For as soon as Mr. Nares, just back from Malaya in a most attractive overcoat, entered his flat in Act I, I knew that at the end of the play the young lover would be swept out of the way somehow, and that the married couple would be reconciled.

It is very little about which to make a play. The pair did not even squabble in an interesting fashion. The divorce—for there had been a divorce, but with the decree not yet made absolute—had occurred for as little reason as the reconciliation. The wife intended to marry again, this time a young man of twenty-five. She was already a married woman when he was reading *Winnie the Pooh*. But he is rich and epigrammatic.

Yet wealth and epigrams are no match for a strong, though not particularly silent, man from Malaya, and when the part is played by Mr. Nares they have no chance at all.

The mild quarrelling culminated in Mr. Nares shaking his wife and throwing her on a sofa. We are given to understand that she liked it.

Miss Fay Compton, struggling brilliantly with a temperature and probably the least effective rôle of her career, could not prevent me thinking that she ought to have been shaken in every act. The husband wanted shaking, too. It says much for Mr. Robert Andrews's skill that, typically complacent though he was as a modern youth with a gift for repartee, he did not merit that shaking. It was not, of course, the fault of Mr. Nares and Miss Compton that they had to behave like a couple of incredible egotists, and that it was hardly possible to take any interest in what they said or did.

Miss Jane Baxter wandered in and out with fresh young elegance, and Miss Martita Hunt was wasted as a strange, middled-aged woman whose chief anxiety appeared to be that a row of yew trees should be cut down. I could muster no more excitement over those yew trees than I could over the troubles of that dullest of married couples.

No, the sole merit of *Once a Husband* (beyond some easy and occasionally witty dialogue) is that it has brought back to the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Cyril Maude.

Was it only the enthusiasm of youth which made me think those productions of the Harrison-Maude *régime—Joseph Entangled*, *The Unforeseen*, *Cousin Kate*, *Lady Flint*, and many more—so admirable? Can it have been merely the difference between sitting in a cheap seat, for which I had paid, and sitting in an expensive seat for which I had not paid, that made me consider *Once a Husband* so immeasurably inferior? Surely not. But for, and to, Mr. Maude let praise be given.

Mr. Bernard Shaw as a critic once bewailed the fact that Mr. Maude, then a young man, was fond of painting lines on his face and adopting a quavering voice and appearing as old men, thus wasting the very spirit of youth and performing a task which is not so difficult as it seems.

Here, however, is Mr. Maude, no longer a young man, and not playing a young man but a sexagenarian admiral, showing, in spite of his grey hair, that same spirit of youth. There was youth in his chuckle, and vigour in his reminiscences, and charm all the time. The part was about the only live one in the play, and Mr. Maude was always alive, though he had little to do beyond providing sympathetic and common-sensical comment after the fashion of the Greek chorus. To such an actor it must have been child's play. But its importance was incalculable.

One day a master of prose and of conciseness may arise who will be able to relate in a couple of bright paragraphs the plot of *The Barber of Seville*. But I doubt it.

I have seen Beaumarchais' comedy at least half a dozen times and Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* even more frequently. And I should like to have a £100 note for every performance I have attended of Rossini's *Il Barbiere*. With it all I have but the haziest idea to this day of what the whole thing is about.

The synopsis in the programme of the performance (without music) at the Old Vic. the other night made things less clear rather than clearer. Yet this visit of Les Comédiens de Paris was under the ægis of a formidable collection of education authorities. Never on the same theatrical programme have I seen so many names of schoolmasters. The members of the cast, and Beaumarchais himself, seemed to be the only people not honoured with the letters M.A.

If the complications of *The Barber* were not exactly unravelled by these French players, they gave a most spirited account of the old classic which upset the court of Louis XVI and was one of the many things which were supposed to have caused the French Revolution—but didn't.

M. Bonifas of the Odéon, Paris, played Barthold with rich, ripe, and fruity humour, and the Rosina of Mlle Clairance was another joy.

The enthusiasm with which the performance was received cannot, I fear, be interpreted as evidence of an intimate knowledge of French on the part of the inhabitants of the Waterloo Road, the New Cut, and Lower Marsh.

The Old Vic. is an admirable institution ; but that it provides for, and is supported by, "improved" members of the Proletariat who rush in breathless anticipation from jug-and-bottle entrances and whelk stalls to absorb Molière, Shakespeare, and Wagner instead is quite a fallacy. Performances are given in an atmosphere of coffee and the higher education. They are good, and it is a pity that not more of them are in French.

If Paris can house a theatre of English players—at the Théâtre Albert Premier, which is just as distant from the centre of things as the Old Vic or Sadler's Wells—London should be able to run to more than the very rare visits of companies such as this at cheap prices, and of the Guitrys (or one of them, as it will in future have to be) at very high prices.

I have never had any high falutin' notions that the French can nowadays teach us much in the way of theatrical production, or that Paris is the centre of the stage world, the *fons et origo* of all that is marvellous in acting. I doubt, indeed, if the French theatre has ever been worthy of all the indiscriminate praise lavished upon it.

QUARTETTE : Miss Kay Hammond, Miss Toni Edgar Bruce, Miss Joan Swinstead, and Miss Diana Beaumont in *My Hat!* the new Henson-Shephard farce at the New Theatre

MISS DIANA WYNYARD in the rôle of Jane Marryot, in the garb she wears in an important sequence in the Fox Film version of *Cavalcade*. Miss Wynyard has not only accuracy of attire, but has caught the expression of the age to the life

Yet room should surely be made for a small theatre running French plays for at any rate some months in the year.

Not to be confused with *The Likes of 'Er* in which Miss Hermione Baddeley gave such a clever performance a few years ago, *The Gates of Ur* is an Old Testament play which is not in New Testament but in neo-Georgian language.

Mr. Bernard Shaw was answerable for much when he took to making serious and dignified persons of the long-ago talk as if they were lunching in the Savoy grill-room. This is to some extent the method employed in the explanation at the Arts Theatre Club of how Abraham (or Abram) came to depart from Ur of the Chaldees.

Sara, it appears, was much more in love with Nahor than with Abram, but she considered Abram a more comfortable match. The cynical aspect of the play, whose cynicism is a little laboured, was that a mysterious Sacred Secret guarded by the High Priest was—no secret at all.

The question as to whether there was a certain degree of abracadabra in the Old Testament I have neither the space nor the learning to discuss. But it is hardly a fit subject for dramatic treatment. In spite of modern idiom, the thing was rather portentous though by no means lacking in interest.

Mr. Robert Speaight as Nahor took hold of its lines in resonant and Henry Ainley-ish fashion. The rest of the cast were modern, but probably under orders to be. Mr. Frank Arundell was a convincing Abram.

Constant laughter at the *première* of *My Hat!* at the New Theatre precludes me from commenting on this production merely with the words, "My foot!" Farces as complicated and as old-fashioned in atmosphere and construction have run for a long time. But usually they have had Mr. Leslie Henson (who is a genius) as a member of the cast instead of, in this case, reviser and producer.

Why Mr. Henson should have chosen to furbish up this old play when, I am convinced, he could have written a far better one himself, is a mystery.

Complication in farce need not be a drawback when there is situation. The plot of *My Hat!* is involved, but it rarely leads up to a climax which hits the audience in the eye as irresistible. Sleepwalking may be funny (though I contrive not to laugh at Lady Macbeth). Yet when it is introduced only for the purpose of compromising a pair of husbands and agitating a pair of perplexed wives, it fails if it does not put that quartette in situations that are in themselves humorous.

Marital infidelity, real or suspected, is too, rather too bethumbed a card to play nowadays in farce of this type, for there is not a corner of it that has not already been exploited. With a quickening of the pace and the insertion of some bright lines, however, all may yet be well.

Miss Kay Hammond's malapropisms did not prevent her from being admirably pert and lively as a Cockney chambermaid. Another success was that of Miss Diana Beaumont, who is coming along splendidly.

Mr. Lawrence Grossmith's easy manner was pleasant, and he gave the impression that with greater opportunity he would be very funny indeed. Mr. Hugh Wakefield did what was humanly possible with the other husband.

"AND WHAT MAY BE YOUR BUSINESS WITH YUM-YUM?" Mr. Leslie Rands as Pish-Tush inquires of Mr. Charles Goulding as Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado who, to marry the girl of his heart, is disguised as a second trombone

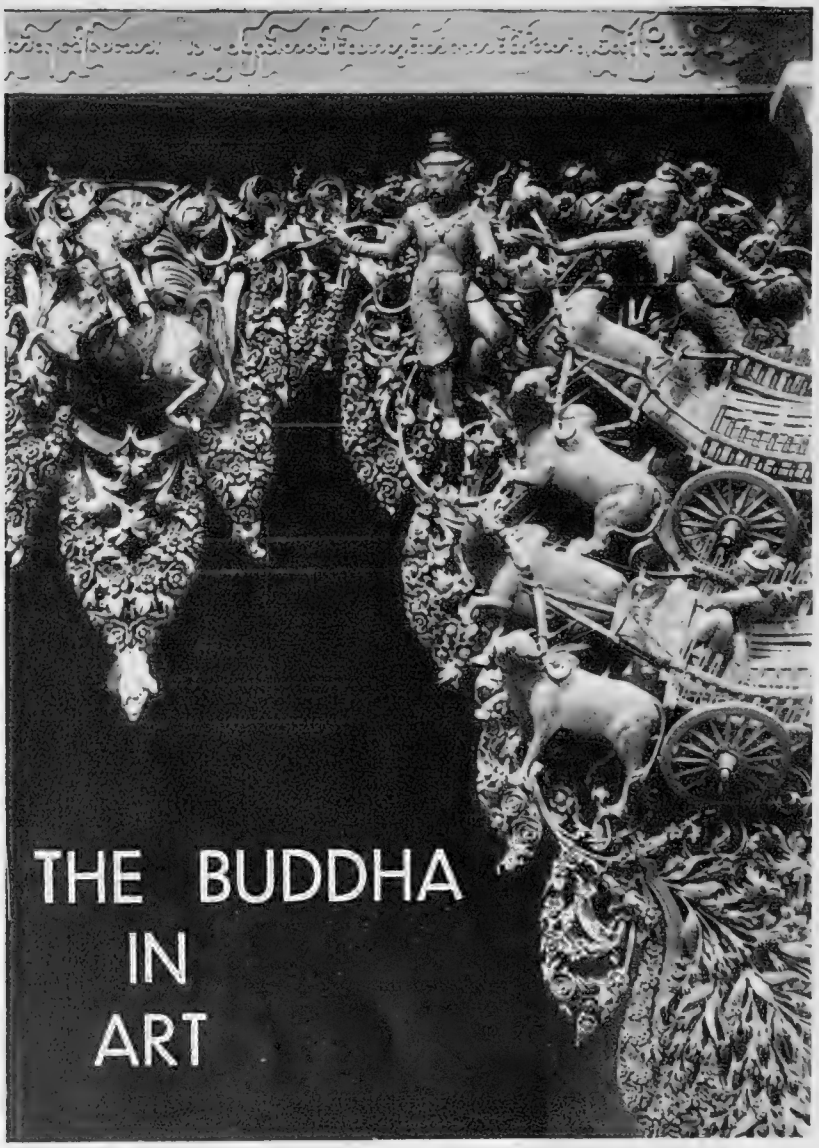
THE MIKADO or the Town of Titipu

"SPEAKING AS YOUR PRIVATE SECRETARY——" Mr. Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah, the man who in one time plays many parts, and Sir Henry Lytton as Koko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu

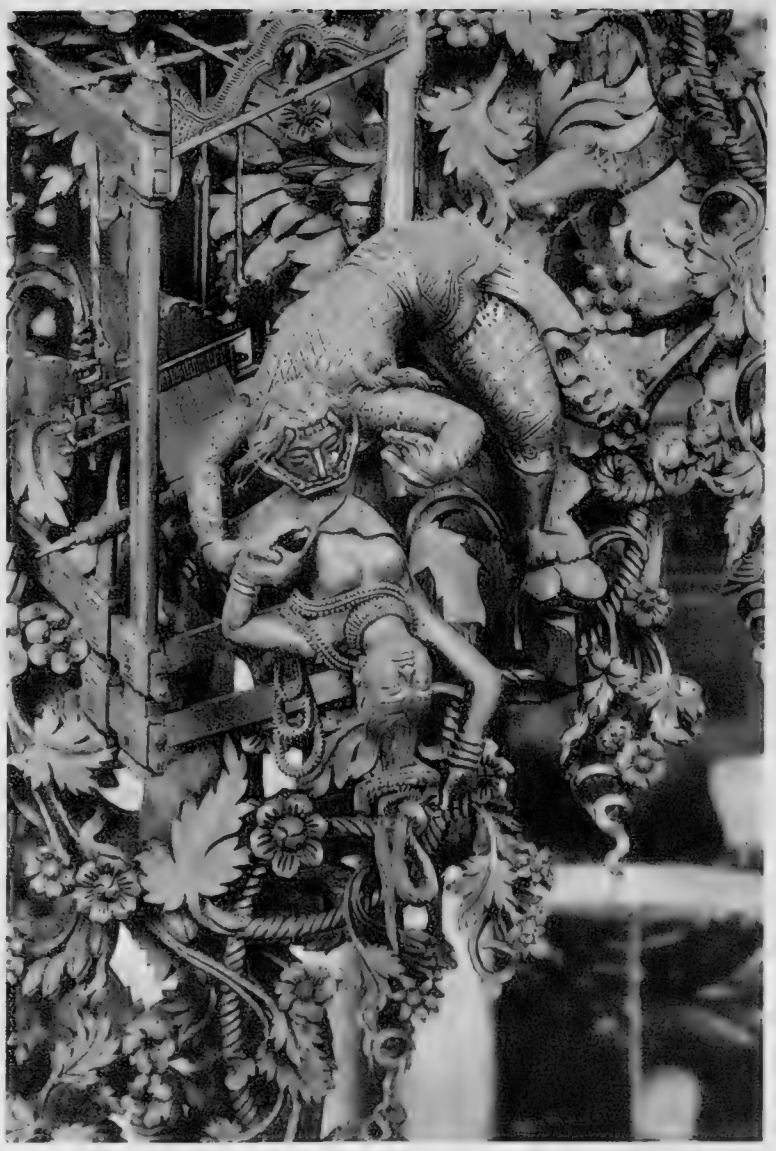
PAINT THE PRETTY FACE—
DYE THE CORAL LIP—
EMPHASIZE THE GRACE
OF HER LADYSHIP!

Special "Sphere" pictures taken at the Savoy Theatre
Miss Muriel Dickson as Yum-Yum is seated at her bridal toilet. On her *right* is Miss Elizabeth Nickell-Lean as Peep-Bo—on her *left* is Miss Marjorie Eyre as Pitti-Sing in the opening to Act II

THE BUDDHA IN ART



THE LIFE OF GAUTAMA IN WOOD



Two new pictures just received of the elaborately carved wooden structure in the Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon portraying incidents in the life of the Buddha. Termed *Tazaung*, this Grinling Gibbons-esque carving is the recipient of valuable offerings from the natives

THREE HUNDRED GODS IN A GARDEN IN OLD JAPAN

A strange picture of a stranger sight in Japan — a garden where gods grow as flowers

TAKEN FROM ITS NICHE IN JAVA

The image of Vajrassattva one of the Dhyani-Buddhas in Java where the faith of Gautama was first ousted by Sivaism and later by Islam

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE PONT DU GARD, the Roman aqueduct near Nîmes, which is now riven with an alarming crack. Two of the three tiers are seen above

A VICTIM OF HEAVY TRAFFIC: The Pont du Gard at Nîmes embellished with an eighteenth-century bridge against its lower arches

THE ROMAN BATHS at Nîmes whose most famous Latin monument has been imperilled by heavy lorry traffic running over the connected bridge

THE ROMAN WATER CONDUIT of the Pont du Gard, a close-up view of the method by which Rome conveyed water in her aqueducts

A FAMOUS BRIDGE IN FRANCE Threatened by Modern Lorry Traffic

THE PRIMITIVE WATER SUPPLY OF THE PENTELIKON: Shepherd women at a well on the famous triangular-formed mountain of Attica

A SHEPHERD OF A MODERN ARCADY: A typical denizen of the Pentelikon

THE BEAUTIES OF PENTELIKON

"Have you ever seen the Pentelikon?" asks a correspondent. "Do not miss it when you visit Greece. Its conical outline has been compared to the gable end of a temple. Its sides are clothed with valuable fir trees from which turpentine is tapped and which incidentally beget the resinous taste in Greek wine.

"When I climbed to the summit, 1,000 metres high, in order to inspect the marble quarries from which the Acropolis had been built, I lost my way and wandered into a shepherd village. A shepherd woman appeared; her clothing aroused my admiration; it was of deep blue, with a border interwoven with white. I went up to her and soon found myself in the village. Our forefathers could not well have been housed more primitively than these shepherds. How little man still needs! Whistler says somewhere, "Art is a humorous goddess; the richest prince cannot force her to himself, and the poorest hut is not safe from her." Here I experienced the truth of this saying. The huts were made out of branches of the fir trees, ornamented with woven carpets of the brightest colours. In the dark huts the gay colouring of their own weaving is everywhere. These industrious women are always weaving or spinning, often with their children trailing round. They use the simplest tools—with a spindle, called rocca, they spin the wool supplied by their goats and small sheep. The mother teaches the daughters how to dye and weave the wool according to an old method. The men, who lie lazily in the sun, letting their goats wander freely, make for their amusement the metal ornaments which adorn the men and their shoes.

"I did not see any beds—the large woollen cloaks, which the men wear, serve as beds. They often stay a long way from the village, and only send down the milk. Their animals, upon whom they depend and for which they have to pay a tax, are easily contented with the very scanty food they can pick up.

"But in spite of poverty the shepherd folk live happily in their huts, where they pass winter and summer, where the babies are born and where often many families live together. They showed me that poverty, rightly regarded, can be as wealth."

FROM THE SHEPHERD VILLAGE: Three characteristic types from the slopes of the Pentelikon

FIR TREES give the materials for the shepherd huts of the Pentelikon. The firs are productive of turpentine, and give the resinous taste to Greek wine

EXTERNAL CUISINE: The picturesque baking oven, and the fireplaces are always placed outside the houses

THE CHARM OF OLD GREECE Preserved at Pentelikon

BOOKS:

A Reviewer's Taste Alters : The Memoirs of a Noble German : A Reviewer Reviews His Own Work : A Record of Life in the Hidden Land : The New Buchan Genre : And Other Literary Notes

By CECIL ROBERTS

When asked what kind of books give me most pleasure I reply "Memoirs." It is singular how along the journey of years one's taste changes. There was that stirring period of adolescence when poetry seemed the only fit speech in the promising adventure of life. Then with the cooling of one's first love, whose gods were Wordsworth, Shelley, and Swinburne, there came a taste for the thrilling pageantry of history. I can still recall something of the tremendous sensation derived from Gibbon's great work, from Macaulay's stately sweep, and Symond's romantic survey. Then followed the phase of fiction, with excursions into its inexhaustible fields and incessant flowering. But now, with a growth of experience one turns to memoirs and to lives. For in these one encounters material that awakens memories, provokes comparisons, and brings before one persons and places as seen by other eyes than one's own. The present season has been rich in memoirs and lives. In the last decade it has been possible for the writers of reminiscences and of biography to show a greater candour, to speak with less reserve, and to present a portrait, true rather than flattering. There has been some abuse of the growth of this liberty, but on the whole contemporary literature has gained by the frankness with which it is now possible for writers to express themselves.

Shortly before he died Prince Blücher had completed his memoirs. He wrote them in the evening of his life when he could look back, dispassionately, upon sixty-six years, during which his rank, tastes, and ability had enabled him to experience in unusual fullness the life of an aristocrat of the old régime that endured into a new era when Europe was in the melting-pot. We see in this book, *Memoirs of Prince Blücher* (Murray. 15s.), a German of distinguished birth, he was the great-great-grandson of Blücher of Waterloo, his tastes and interests were as English as they were German. Born at the castle of Radun, in Austrian Silesia, the son of Prince Blücher and of his wife, Princess Marie of Kreiblowitz, he knew Italy in its infancy, spent his boyhood at the castle of Kreiblowitz, where the famous old Field-marshal had died, went to the University of Prague at the age of sixteen, and to Stonyhurst at the age of eighteen. Thus, when most English boys have only made the transition from home to public school, young Blücher was a linguist and a cosmopolitan.

From Stonyhurst, for which he retained a lasting affection, the young Blücher went to Strassburg University—his brother was sent to Christ Church—visited the old Empress Augusta in her summer palace at Coblentz, had a season of hunting in Ireland, and was launched as a young man in Vienna at the height of its social prestige. Few young men can have received a wider or more varied education. There followed a long visit to St. Petersburg, and then his father, restless and eccentric, made his home on the Island of Herm. "My father like many rich men, loved the idea of a land where Government officials cease from troubling and tax-gatherers are at rest." Following a break with his father, there came some adventurous years in South Africa, shooting game and prospecting. As a result of this experience Blücher could not share the fashionable pro-Dutch sympathies of Germany. "Our demonstrations of sympathy were entirely misplaced . . . Kruger, so to speak, marked time by spitting past our faces into a spittoon about three metres off with an accuracy denoting long practice . . . the significance of the Imperial rally to the Motherland in her difficulties was entirely missed by German observers and statesmen, and the hope of a lasting Anglo-German friendship fatally undermined."

Blücher was married in Westminster Cathedral to an English lady. No couple were more popular in English and German Society. Then in August, 1914, their happiness seemed irretrievably smashed. With great courage Princess Blücher decided to accompany her husband back to Germany. Her own story has been told in her memoirs. Prince Blücher took up propaganda work under Erzberger, and was horrified at the calumnies heaped by the nations upon one another. When the War ended he seemed to have lost everything. The great Blücher palace in Berlin was sold for a vast sum of marks that was worthless paper a month later. The revenues from Silesia vanished. But Prince Blücher was not broken by his change of fortune. He came back to England, slowly resumed his friendships, and died on this island, still fervent in his belief in Anglo-German friendship.

A few days before his death he wrote in his diary, "We have had much happiness and many good friends, loyal loving relations, many kindnesses done and given. We forget all unhappiness. Now on these quiet sunlit mornings we often breathe a deep prayer of thankfulness for the joyous years we have spent together." So ends the record of a man of great charm and strength of character, who might well have despaired, and whose loyalties were never diminished because they were divided.

What shall I say of *Alfred Fripp*, by Cecil Roberts? (Hutchinson. 15s.) If it is wrong for me to review my own book, I can at least refute one popular gibe of authors against reviewers. I have at least read it! When a year ago Lady Fripp approached me with a request to write the life of Sir Alfred Fripp I hesitated. I had never known him, and must inevitably challenge recent memories of thousands of his friends. Moreover, the life of a surgeon seemed to call for some medical experience on the part of the biographer, and as I considered the task, the facts of a surgeon's life, by their intimate nature, and the monotony of a surgeon's work seemed to present formidable difficulties. In undertaking the task I stipulated one condition, that I should interview no relations or friends, and draw my portrait of the man solely from such papers and records as were available. For I hold it a truth that we all see our friends differently, affected by our own predilections, and reactions. I was aided in this task by the happy chance that from the age of sixteen until his fortieth year, when he had climbed to the top of his profession, he had left minute and confessional diaries. These constructed not only a personal record, but a social mirror of the times, of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras. The young man who at twenty-five became the intimate friend of the Duke of Clarence, at thirty-four was in charge of a field hospital, at thirty-five undertook the reform of the R.A.M.C., at thirty-six was knighted—a record in his profession—and made a Surgeon to the King, was naturally in the very centre of events.

The story of his courtship and marriage has a singular beauty, the houses into which he was welcomed bear witness to a personality of exceptional charm. He was a shameless and indefatigable beggar in the cause of charity, and the widely known Frothblowers enterprise of his closing years represented one of the lesser aspects of his achievements in this rôle, But if I were asked to state the most notable aspect of the life of this renowned surgeon I should say that it was the revelation of a home life of such complete harmony, such devotion, that it constitutes a supreme answer to those who are inclined to cast a cynical eye upon married life. As I waded through diaries and papers there slowly emerged a figure, admitted to friendship by some of the most notable men of the age, whose mind engrossed me as much by its extraordinary charm as by its tireless industry, compassion for the suffering, and shrewd estimation of the great figures of an age that probably reached the zenith of our national power. Wherefore I have no hesitation in strongly recommending this book and risking such faith as may be reposed in me either as author or reviewer.

BOOKS TO READ

VICTORIAN PORTRAITS, by Percy Colson (Rich and Cowan. 10s. 6d.).

I REMEMBER, by J. J. Bell (Porpoise Press. 7s. 6d.).

MODERN MONEY, by Lord Melchett (Secker. 10s. 6d.).

GREEK SCULPTURE AND PAINTING, by J. D. Beazley (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.).

CALAMITIES OF THE WORLD, by Hubert Banner (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.).

EPISODES IN A VARIED LIFE, by Lord Conway of Allington (Country Life. 15s.).

1933 AND STILL GOING STRONG, by Beachcomber (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.).

THE EGYPT'S GOLD, by David Scott (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.).

MR. DAVID MACDONALD in the dress of a Lama of Tibet. His book, *Twenty Years in Tibet*, is described above as "a full and fascinating account . . . of that alluring land"

Twenty Years in Tibet, by David Macdonald (Seeley, Service and Co. 18s.), is the word of a man who has exceptional qualifications both by birth and experience for interpreting Tibetan affairs. He is half Sikkimese, a race closely allied to the Tibetans, speaks the language, was reared on the Darjeeling mountainside, and accompanied the first and subsequent expeditions to Lhassa. It is a full and fascinating account of that yet unknown and alluring land.

I cannot, with the best will in the world, find a good word to say for Henri Barbusse's *Zola* (Dent. 10s. 6d.). I find it both in style and conception, quite unreadable. What possible merit or accuracy can reside in a hotch-potch of prose that puts imaginary conversations into the mouths of Zola and his friends? As with a previous work, Communistic propaganda invades M. Barbusse's book. "In the U.S.S.R., a country which by a very masterly continental offensive has placed itself in a more advanced stage of development than the others . . . ." If M. Barbusse can believe this, he can believe anything. I find his Zola as incredible as his advanced stage of development. "Romanticism, among other effronteries, had connected lyricism with the 'ugly,' but with a pompous, extravagant, and ornamental ugliness that remains tinged with the nobility of beauty." Whatever does this mean? Words, words, words.

Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke sends me his *Cosmopolis* (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.) with a note of such a flattering nature that I am embarrassed in dealing with his own book. If I say I like *Cosmopolis* I hope he will not think I am merely returning a compliment, and for this reason I wish authors would refrain from personal requests for reviews of their works. There used to be a good and inexorable law in this matter. I have never felt the same towards a famous novelist since I saw him exhibited in an American store with a placard over his head announcing that he would sign all copies sold of his books. Mr. Croft-Cooke writes with gusto, sometimes too much; he should avoid awful sentences like this ". . . a young Russian who wore an embroidered Russian shirt, ending in its round collar about his thin neck; a French boy alone with his coffee reading *Le Rire* . . ." and there is no Laurence of Arabia, no Frankfürt, no Stadtplätz." But it is a capital story, original in conception, and provides Mr. Croft-Cooke with the opportunity of displaying himself upon a cosmopolitan scene.

There is a kind of League of Nations school, at which the children of rich parents from all over the earth are gathered. A degenerate young woman by her conduct brings tragedy, ridicule, and scandal upon the enterprise. There is not a dull moment in this varied procession of well-observed characters. Yet I find myself, while admiring, regretting the defeatism of this story. Like so many modern novels it can only mock, and its author has shown us that he is capable of making a crusade; for that reason, while grateful, I expect something more inspiring and worthy of Mr. Croft-Cooke's gifts.

Mr. James Aston's *First Lesson* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is of the same school of cynical disparagement and smart eroticism. It is the story of a libidinous Cambridge Don and his amours on the island of Capri. Its cleverness is sadly wasted on a trivial theme. Can it have all come "from reading the two Lawrences consecutively?"

There is unmitigated gloom in *31 Families under Heaven* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), by Georg Fink, a story of Berlin's slum life mercilessly observed, but the starkness and obscenity are justified by the fidelity to life displayed by the author. Here is a serious indictment of the human race, and the absence of levity makes the book a document both moving and unforgettable.

Those who like eerie stories and a shiver down the spine will not fail to be gratified by *The Killing Bottle*, a collection of eight strange stories by L. P. Hartley (Putnam. 7s. 6d.). "The Cotillon" has a touch of Poe in its horror, and a new thrill is given to a Grimm-ish fairy tale in "Conrad and the Dragon." Mr. Hartley's excursions on the borderline of reason hold one in apprehension.

If a small boy stops you and asks for a farthing it is probable that he has been reading the indefatigable and infinitely endowed Mr. John Buchan, who has now given us an admirable boy's story in *The Magic Walking Stick* (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.). This stick, purchased by young Bill, and given a twist, has all the qualities of Aladdin's Lamp. Mr. Moreton Sale contributes some admirable illustrations to a charming story.

D TODD'S PAGES

Jaegers — the synonym for chic

Successful careers assured to Jaeger's cleverly conceived coats by exciting incidents—woollen loops to border a collar in place of fur, the disposition of buttons, the cut of revers, collars or sleeves. (Photograph by Ker-Seymer.)

♣ Mainbocher gives prevalent but ingeniously versatile black velvet added dignity by means of a train. Wide scallops mark the square décolletage and epaulette sleeves

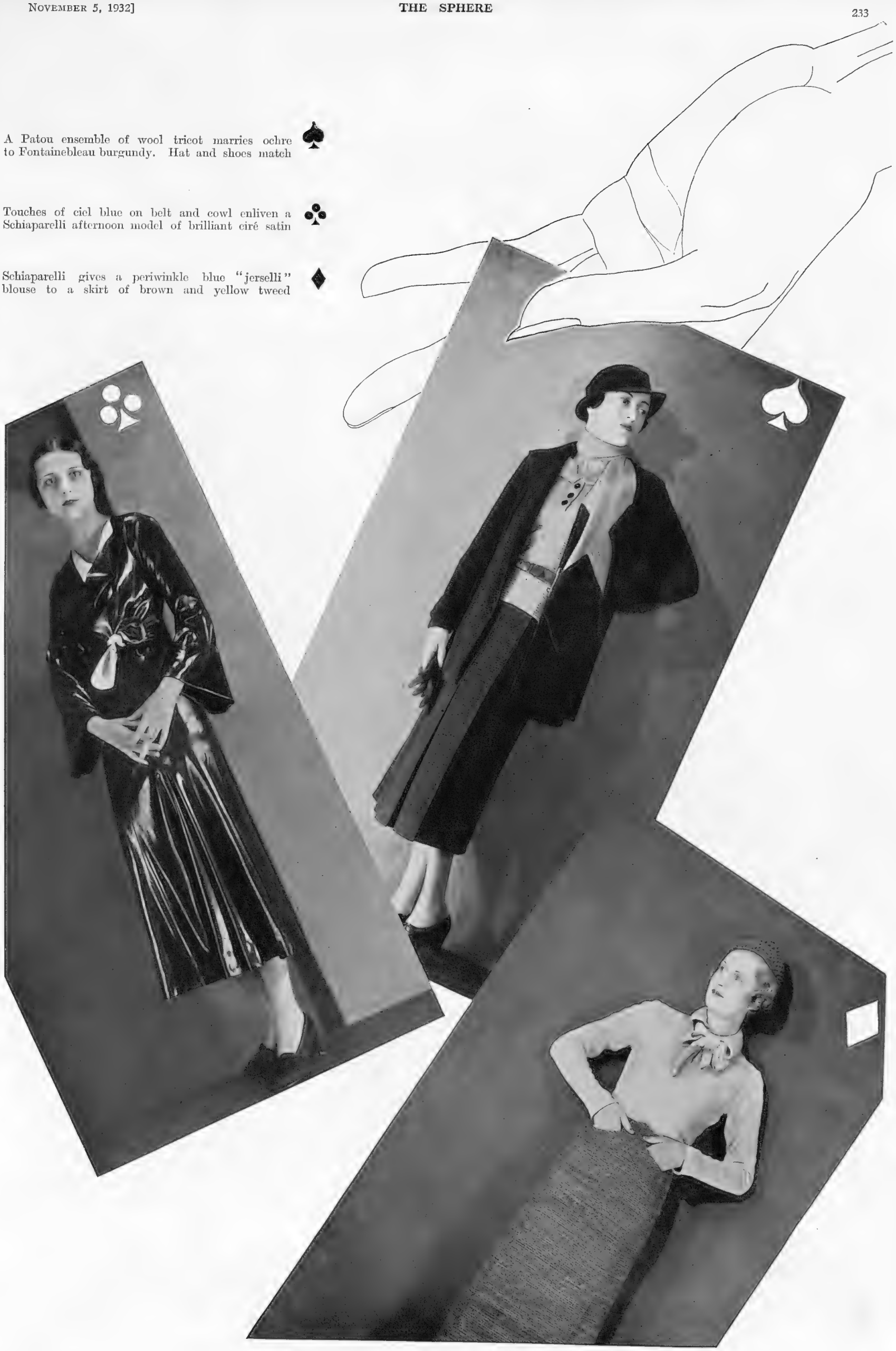
♠ Pink, no longer ingenuous or jejune, graduates through shades of palest shell pink to a deep rose in a frock of heavy cloque crêpe by Maggy Rouff, finished with a large brooch of rubies and brilliants

♦ Mainbocher's genius for original and fascinating colour provides an expressive frock of flesh-coloured fleur-de-soie with a shawl-scarf of lac red fringed with emerald green for lovely Mrs. Vreeland

A Patou ensemble of wool tricot marries ochre to Fontainebleau burgundy. Hat and shoes match ♠

Touches of ciel blue on belt and cowl enliven a Schiaparelli afternoon model of brilliant ciré satin ♣

Schiaparelli gives a periwinkle blue "jerselli" blouse to a skirt of brown and yellow tweed ♦



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woman wins the case

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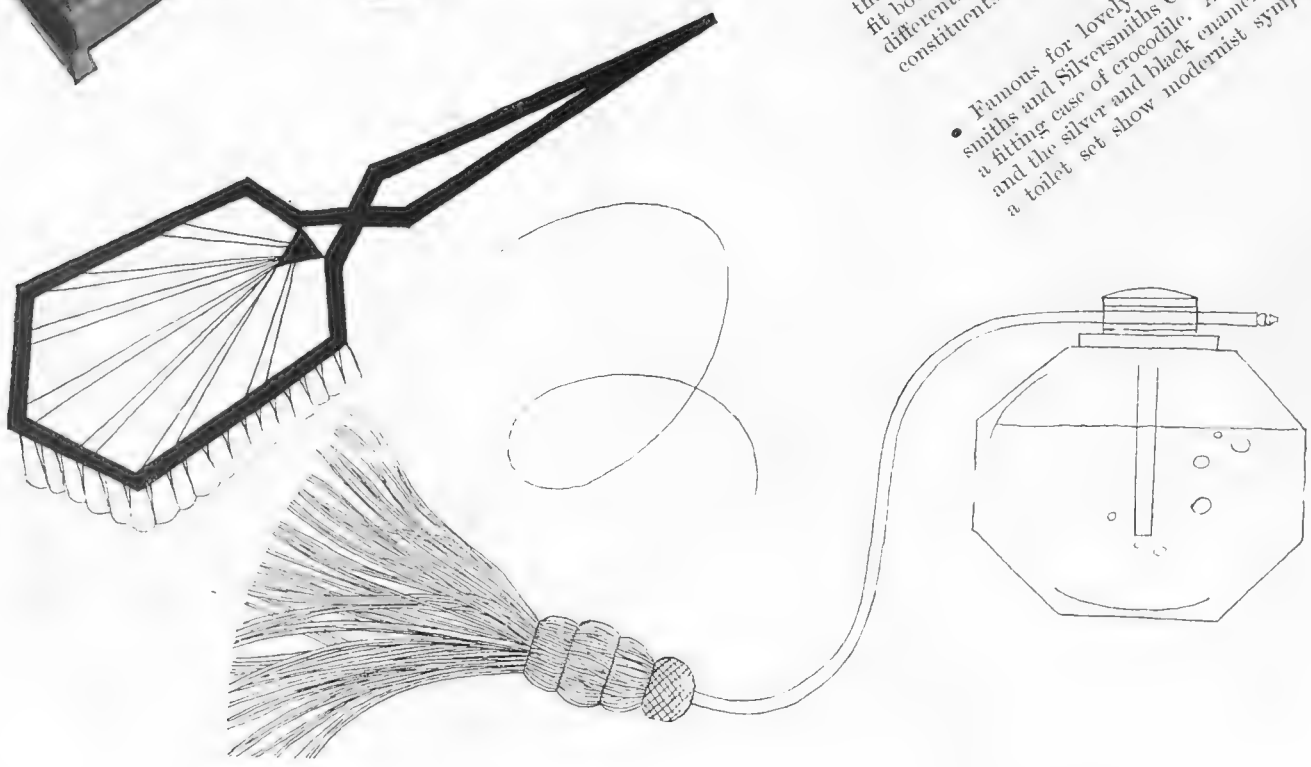

STARS THAT FLASH — on the Screen

"KING OF THE RITZ"

Miss Betty Stockfeld, who is playing the lead in the new British Lion production at Beaconsfield. Miss Stockfeld also starred in the French version

"BLONDE VENUS"

Miss Marlene Dietrich in the new Von Sternberg production

MLLE LISL KIRSCHNER

One of the great amateur dancers of Austria who has been engaged by a leading Vienna hotel as "private dancer"

"THAT NIGHT IN LONDON"

Miss Pearl Argyle in the new London Film Production

Sunshine is Life

South Africa, situated wholly in the Temperate Zone south of Latitude 20° S., enjoys one of the finest climates in the world. Dry warmth and bracing sunshine are its essential characteristics.

When Europe is in the grip of winter (October to March) South Africa basks in the golden summer of the Southern Hemisphere, a joyful season of fruits and flowers. This happy inversion of seasons and climates, combined with its natural charm, makes South Africa the ideal land of winter travel.

Winter excursions at considerably reduced fares have been organized by the leading Steamship Lines on this route, and the South African Government Railways will arrange inland tours, by rail or road, to suit the requirements of visitors. The combined tours provide a delightful holiday — a restful voyage, a complete change of environment and a remarkable variety of social and travel diversions.

Business men, in particular, seeking the healthy relaxation of an ocean cruise and a change of scene and activity, will find in these excursions a beneficial holiday of suitable duration and an opportunity for observing at first-hand the immense resources of the Dominion of South Africa.

A full descriptive programme entitled " Sun Health Tours—Series X " will be sent *gratis* on request to The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the leading Travel Agencies.

Watch Germany's Youth

A TYPICAL GERMAN YOUTHS PATHFINDERS' FOREST MEETING

The introduction of compulsory "sports" of a military character into the German schools has directed attention once again to the cult, almost idolatry, of athletics which has post-War Germany in in its grip, and which has now assumed such a sinister aspect.

The end of the War and the Revolution in 1918 initiated a period during which a very popular type of young generation was moulded in Central Europe.

The defeat, the breakdown of all that they had been taught to revere most before and during the War, inflation, economic misery, and undigested Marxist theories sprung into sudden popularity, had influenced the youngsters of Germany and Austria in such a way that they became, almost without exception, convinced materialists.

Their materialism had all the fanatic intolerance of youth. King Haakon of Norway once said that every man under twenty who was not a Socialist, had no heart—incidentally he added that every man over thirty who remained a Socialist, had no head—but even the Socialist ideas of German post-War youths were devoid of all influences of the heart. German boys or girls during the decade from 1920 to 1930 were anti-capitalist, anti-clerical, anti-moral, convinced eugenists, utterly and cruelly rational in every respect. Their fathers, the generation before them, had been deluded by ideals of patriotism, blind obedience to authority and duty, belief in the efficacy of work and thrift and similar illusions. They themselves, however, had seen the havoc wrought in Germany by the War and inflation and drew the logical consequences.

Paradoxically enough there was nevertheless much that was noble and idealistic in this mentality of young people in Central Europe after the War. The believed sincerely that future wars would be impossible. They became enthusiastic supporters of the League of Nations, and of all international movements, whether of students or of a wider nature. But for the tragic and stupid short-sightedness of the Allied leaders who were responsible for the way in which Germany was treated after the War, this new mentality of German and Austrian youth, in spite of many unpleasant aspects which would have receded in importance, might have become a boon and a guarantee for the future peace of Europe. The sudden devotion to sports and open air was part of this curious mentality, this pathetic mixture of youthful enthusiasm, and of a materialism embraced in protest against the disappointments and sufferings of their early days.

The "Anglo-Saxons," who were the most sympathetic among the victorious enemies, who were anti-militarist, successful, and efficient, became in every way the example and ideal for German youth.

A proper Anglomania swept over Central Europe. Not the least important factor in creating that ideal Englishman or American who inspired the mid-European youth had been the pursuit of sports and games. Englishmen and Americans had healthy minds in healthy bodies because athletics, swimming, tennis, football, and cricket were as important in their schools and universities as the study of mathematics and languages. A veritable craze for " sport " developed thus among the descendants of the militarists and *Stubenhocher*, as the young Germans contemptuously called their fathers.

All the energy and devotion which before the War had been directed to soldiering were now given to athletic training. The love for open air and fresh air, the whole movement for *Jugendherbergen*, hostels for ramblers established by youth organizations all over the country, the cult of sun-bathing with its offspring *Naktkultur*, the establishment of schools for open-air eurythmics and dancing, were all different branches of the same development.

The activities of those task-masters of Reparations who were chiefly afraid of a re-awakening of German militarism, and who have contributed so largely to the intense economic misery of Germany during the last two or three years are responsible for the fact that this movement for physical exercise, splendid in itself, has now been driven into the worst possible channel. They have brought about the very result they had dreaded. The strength of Hitlerism and the reappearance of the old Junker group are, of course, due to the growing despair of young people in Germany, who in the belief that democracy and socialism have failed them, are ready to clutch at anything that promises an improvement in the deplorable position of the country.

A new generation, moreover, is growing up who knows little of the War and nothing of the failure of the fetish of militarism before it. Thus, the decree of the Papen Government will unfortunately be welcomed by a great majority of the youth of Germany, and it is only to be hoped that enlightened moves in reciprocal policy by the leading States will nullify or reduce the danger presented by a universal military training of youth in Germany.

Alfred Tysser.

THE GIRLS ALSO: Here are some German maidens from the higher schools at an open-air sport festival

Don't be vague—ask for Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

THE PETROL WORLD

EIGHT-CYLINDER LUXURY

A Ford V 8 Cabriolet, the newest, and popular addition to the Ford range

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Racecourse; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

MECHANICAL SIGNALS. — It is a fairly open secret that before very long the Ministry of Transport will definitely make a ruling regarding mechanical devices for signalling on motor cars. On many previous occasions I have in "The Petrol World" referred to this subject, and I am now returning to it once more, because firstly it has become a matter of general discussion amongst motorists, and secondly because I have just had brought to my notice a new automatic signaller known as the "Birglow." This device takes the form of a white dummy hand, which is fixed on the driver's side of the vehicle, where the scuttle meets the windscreen. This hand is universally jointed, and it can give very plainly all the signals required by the Highway Code. Its movements are operated by a simple controller fixed on the dashboard, the operating mechanism consisting of Bowden wires. It is certainly extremely visible to traffic behind which is not closer to the kerb than the car to which it is fitted. Policemen and pedestrians in front can also see it plainly, and if they can read the usual signals given by hand they can certainly understand what the movements of this automatic signaller are intended to convey. I would like to make it clear too that the signals given in this manner are certainly more intelligible than the usual movements of a driver's hand. It does not cost very much and can be fitted to any car, whilst at night time the hand is illuminated. I have only two criticisms to offer. First of all, cyclists coming up close on their near side would not see a signal which might mean the car was turning to the left, and secondly, it is hardly a thing of beauty, though I realize that this latter point is one purely of personal opinion.

A REVISION REQUIRED. — I am hoping that when the Ministry of Transport does issue regulations regarding automatic signalling it will at the same time revise the Highway Code so that the number of signals can be reduced. So far as motorists are concerned, so long as there is an automatic stop light on the vehicle, we only require to know through a signal that the vehicle in front intends to turn to the right; all other movements can very well look after themselves, and if the driver behind is driving with his eyes open and his brain working he should not require any other indications of the driver's intentions.

We must remember, however, that there are other road users interested in the movements of cars and these include cart drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians, and so perhaps it is necessary for a car driver to give a signal which will show these other road users that the car in question is going to turn to the left. Bearing all this in mind we reduce the signals to three—turning to the left, to the right, and stopping. The latter is looked after quite adequately by means of the automatic stop light, which is now fitted as standard on practically every car, so we are left to devise a signal which will indicate the other two movements.

As all the road users whom I have enumerated must understand these signals the device adopted must be quite clear and instantly intelligible to everyone, and when I say that I would like to remind readers that quite a number of foreigners visit our shores each year and our signals must be understood by them if they are to be a hundred per cent. efficient.

In Germany the illuminated arm which swings out to a horizontal position on the right or on the left, according in which direction the driver intends to turn, is simple, instantly understood, and so far as I can understand quite reliable. Up to the moment I have seen nothing that is better, but it must be fitted to the body of a car at its widest point on each side. I sincerely hope that the Ministry will give us a common-sense ruling in this matter, not only as regards the type of device to be approved, but also as to the position in which it must be situated.

THE NECESSITY FOR STANDARDIZATION.—At the Show quite a number of cars had this kind of signalling arm very neatly applied in a recess on each side of the body where the latter was widest.

The operating switch must be placed so that the driver has not to take his hands off the steering wheel. In time I have no doubt that this signalling device, or whichever one is adopted, will be operated automatically, though it is difficult at the moment to see how this can be done. Obviously there is no use in coupling it up to the steering as a signal must be given before the wheel is actually turned. Unless the Minister acts fairly quickly we shall have hundreds of different signalling devices fitted to cars which will tend to create confusion, not only now, but when the approved design is issued.

Children grow most rapidly at the time they are studying hardest. To avoid the ever-present danger of eager and over anxious scholars outgrowing their strength, Doctors advise giving extra nourishment in that best of all forms — Benger's Food.

Growing time is Benger time. During this all-important period, see that your children, especially those who are over-growing or backward, have a cupful of Benger's Food. Serve it at lunch time in addition to ordinary food, and at bed time.

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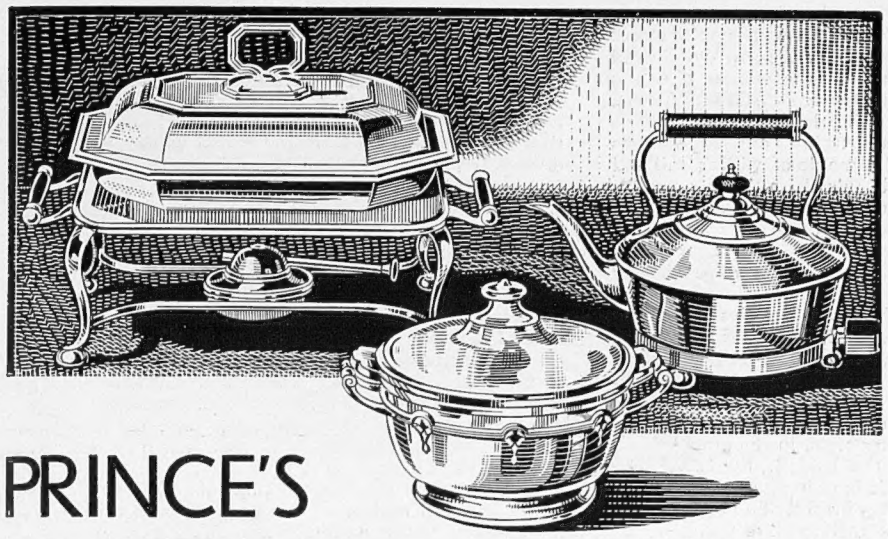

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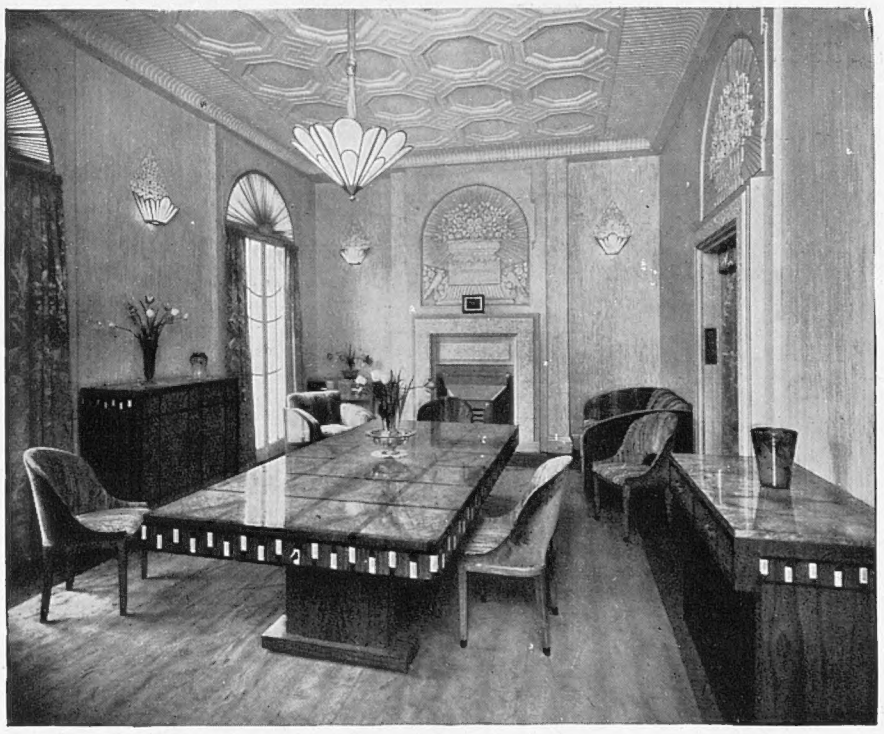

Modern Dining Room by HAMPTONS

Telephones: Whitehall 1020

The illustration shows a scheme of Decoration for a Dining Room with the walls treated in Plastic Paint and coloured in two tones of Marigold on a cream ground. The Furniture is modern in character, veneered with Amboyna, Ivory and Ebony, Chairs upholstered in Tapestry, curtains of Slub Repp silk with pleated fanlights in silk. Electric fire in stainless gilt brass.

Estimates gladly submitted free.

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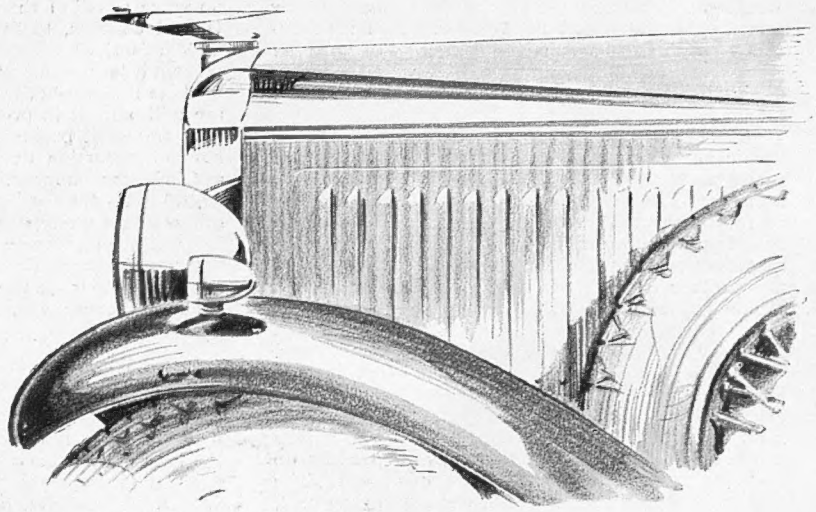
CVS—15

"Your driving *has* improved"



IT'LL be said—even to *you;* but if you're just, you will give the Cadet the credit. For the new 1933 Vauxhall Cadet is so smooth and simple that it just *makes* you drive well. Synchro-Mesh gears make a bad gear-change impossible—you just move the lever across while giving your whole attention to the road. The Silent Second makes it pleasant to *use* your gears as you should. Steering, acceleration, braking, are all so accurate that there is no question of "holding" the car—the controls respond smoothly to your wishes.

Features of the 1933 Cadet

Performance. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

• • •

Comfort and Convenience. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

• • •

Style. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

ASK FOR A TRIAL RUN, OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.9.

4-door Saloon (sliding roof), £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335.
All prices ex Works.

Complete range on view at 174-182 Gt. Portland St., W.1

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

SYNCHRO MESH FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

BRITISH RAILWAYS ARE ALIVE

(Continued from p. 221)

and *mal de mer*. It has also made special arrangements to urge French people to come to England by giving special excursion tickets and arranging with a leading London catering firm to feed the visitors in two thousands at a time and at a reduced rate. To-day, too (November 5), the auto-carrier which brings motor cars to and from the Continent is starting on an all-winter run between Folkestone and Boulogne. Formerly the service was between Dover and Calais, and ended in October. This incidentally adds an extra steamer service for the ordinary passenger who has no motor car, because he is allowed on the auto-carrier, and has to pay only 10s. for the trip.

Other Southern Railway inducements to the public are motor horse-boxes, which will enable a racehorse to go with the least possible delay between, let us say, Epsom and Southend, with the avoidance of the former alternative of walking across London or going by the slow and tricky little railway by-routes between the termini. Insulated meat-containers are another example of this railway's enterprise in building special vehicles for special jobs.

Finally we come to the Great Western Railway. As in the case of the Southern, every possible kind of inducement is being offered in the way of excursion tickets and so on to coax the public back from the roads. But the Great Western is chiefly proud of its achievement in the way of speeding up both the passenger trains and the goods trains. The Cheltenham Flyer is the fastest express in the world, covering its 77¼ miles in sixty-five minutes. I imagine that the "Tip" express from Paddington to Plymouth is similarly the fastest goods train. As much as seventy-two minutes has been cut off the previous time recently, and goods can be distributed by the first delivery instead of by the one at midday as formerly. Then what about the 9.10 goods train from Paddington to Birkenhead which touches over seventy miles an hour at certain points? Since eighteen months ago over 150 hours are saved daily on freight trains in the effort to win back the manufacturers' goodwill, while 11,000 minutes are saved daily on passenger trains. And the trains are going to go faster still. Quite apart from the fact that a Great Western mail train reached 103 miles an hour in 1902 on the run from Plymouth to Paddington, so that there is a lot of speed in hand, a deal of improvement of the main line is being made near Taunton. The result next spring will be that all stations west of this town will be several minutes nearer London than before.

The Great Western as the pioneer of the mystery hikers' train deserves all possible credit. It also deserves credit for introducing "contract" dog tickets for 5s. for unlimited use inside the chosen area. The speeding up of the freight trains this year enables stores with big mail-order departments to have goods delivered all over the Great Western area on the evening after the customer sent his order. Near Oxford the Great Western has made an arrangement with a local haulage firm to deliver goods straight from the train to outlying villages all over the country—a good example of willing rail and road service. It is this railway's claim that its parcels service is now definitely faster than the G.P.O. I have no space to tell of the educational excursions (round the Oxford colleges, to Swindon, or the State apartments at Windsor) of which 70,000 passengers have already taken advantage this year.

Like the other railways, it moves factories while they are still almost in production. It is winning back the milk transport business hand over fist. It gives every kind of excursion ticket to anyone from an angler to a Christmas shopper. It sells "bulk" travel up to 10,000 miles for the benefit of commercial travellers and others who appreciate a saving of 4s. in the pound.

In fact, in common with the L.M.S., the L.N.E.R., and the Southern Railway, it is doing its energetic and affable best to make the railway brighter and better every day and in every way. Good luck to all of them.

EXIT THE ZUYDER ZEE

(Continued from p. 224)

"Nothing serious can happen now," said the engineer. He looked out across the checked, grey surface of the sea and threw a pebble which splashed gently into its depths. I wondered how he could be so light-hearted even in this hour of victory. The other day Doctor Bratt, of the Leyden Museum of Antiquities, discovered the ruins of towns and villages in the mud of the reclaimed polder. How long before the sea flows once more over the scenes of its ancient triumphs?

Such a question seems never to arise in the thoughts of these men. Now that the dyke is closed, they have no doubt that it will endure for ever. Their principal concern at the moment is the completion of the great sluice-gates, the upper structures of which rise in a series of pylons reminiscent of the ruins of Karnak. The locks are already in general use for traffic, and rapid progress has been made with the construction of a great railway bridge. The surface of the dyke itself is almost ready for the traffic which, in a few weeks' time, will be permitted to use this new link between the provinces of North Holland and Friesland.

It has been said in some quarters that the work of reclamation could have been carried through without the building of the enclosing dam, with its enormous costs and its ever-present risks. Possibly it could. It seems fairly certain, however, that had the Zuyder Zee been embanked for the creation of polders without enclosing the area by a dam which would bar the sea's natural advance, a funnel-shaped section would have been created in which the North-Westerly storm tides could accumulate huge quantities of water, thus seriously endangering the safety of the banks.

Among other advantages of the enclosing dam are the construction of a fresh-water lake to act as a source of supply for the dry provinces of North Holland and Friesland; improved drainage along the old coast of the Zuyder Zee and diminished cost in the maintenance of old dykes; the prevention of periodic and unexpected inundations; regular and faster traffic between North Holland and Friesland; and safer navigation.

Besides these gains, the construction of the enclosing dam, and the works subordinate to it, have employed several thousand men for three years. That is one of the arguments used by those who are urging the Government to proceed at once with the reclamation of the North-East Polder. It is not a sufficient argument when one considers the enormous cost of the work. The estimated expenses involved make a total of 144,000,000 gulden.

According to the former Finance Minister, Doctor Colijn, who is one of the principal champions of the North-East Polder, a sum of 80,000,000 gulden can be recovered, leaving the State with the necessity to find over 60,000,000 gulden. In the present state of Holland's finances this seems almost impossible, but the Government is to be asked to raise a loan for the purpose. It seems likely that the Lower House will agree. The intentions of the Upper House are doubtful.

It needs courage to commence such an undertaking in circumstances like the present, but in matters of that kind the Dutch people have never shown themselves to be cowards.

"We have started to drain the Zuyder Zee," said a prominent official of the Zuyder Zee works, "and we shall not stop until that is accomplished."

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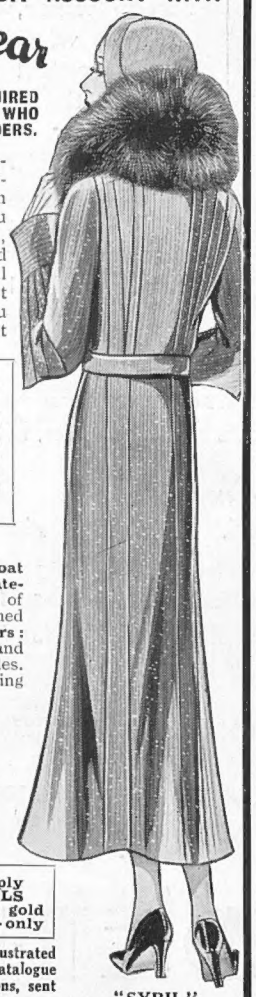

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RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS

THE roar of motors high in the air, muffled by the altitude and intervening space. It was more of a purr—rhythmic, smooth—music to the sensitive ears of a pilot quick to detect a dissonant note.

I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

"We shall soon have the largest air fleet in the world," remarked the Communist who had kindly volunteered to show me round Moscow.

He spoke with conviction and pride in his voice.

The Red Air Force of Russia—the largest and most powerful air fleet in the world! Endless squadrons of bombers, torpedo-carriers, fighters, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers of the air! To be to Russia what the British Navy for generations has been to the British Empire, as one of the leaders put it.

That is the vision of the Kremlin—the goal that the "Master Minds" within it—men of whom you hear and read but seldom see—have set in the air for Soviet Russia. Having set it, they are going about to reach this goal with that ruthless determination which counts not the cost. Moreover, there are no pacifists in Russia to lay a paralysing hand on what has been decided as necessary for the country.

No secret is made of that goal. It is popular.

Read how the task of making Russia's Red Air Force the largest in the world is being achieved —In Lady Drummond Hay's article in this issue

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